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THIS IS AMERICA

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This is America

Eleanor Roosevelt AND *Frances Cooke Macgregor*



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

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*To the Youth of America—inheritors
of a land where the extremes of nature's
bounty and of man's failure meet, a
scene of rugged strength, of great spaces
which man's spirit has conquered, a land
still of limitless opportunity.*

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E. R.

FOREWORD

THE PICTURES in this book show you the length and breadth of the land, the variety in scenery—the rivers, the lakes, the farms, the prairies, the deserts, the mountains and the valleys,—and the changes in climate, from such cold as has aided Russia today to stall the German war machine, to the balmy breezes of Southern California and Florida on the verge of the tropics.

These are the physical characteristics of the land we know as the United States. We have to know more about it than that, however, for we are a land of people—people of various races. We have black people, yellow people, red people, and white people. It is their combination which makes the United States. They represent innumerable differences of creed, differences of occupation, differences of education, differences of taste, recreation habits and customs.

The people who founded the United States envisioned all these differences, merging together into a great unity. Peace and tolerance for each other's differences was our forefathers' ideal. They hoped for mutual understanding which would bring this about. When the present days are behind us, this may well be a universal condition, and if we play our part with courage and clear-sightedness, we may become the hope of the world. We may have here the example of what a family of nations can mean, since we in our nation are a family of varying races and religions.

The pictures in this book can tell you that story better than any words of mine. To the older people of the nation, I hope this book will mean a reaffirmation of the objectives for which our forefathers worked, even if they

were not able always to put them into practice. I think we can have a sense of pride in what we have accomplished, since the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, with its appended Bill of Rights, were signed and we began our great adventure.

We have accomplished much, and we have much for which to be thankful, and the older generation may be content. To the youth of this country, however, I hope that this book will prove to be a challenge. They know also what our forefathers hoped for, and intended. Here they will see the achievements and perhaps sense the shortcomings, but those shortcomings must not dismay them. They are but the challenge to the strong and adventurous spirit of youth. Youth may not have to conquer the wilderness, and science may have solved many difficulties which confronted our forefathers. Nevertheless our young people have a great war to fight—a war against people who do not believe in Democracy, either as a form of government or as a way of life. They must justify the belief of our forefathers and continue the pioneering which was started so many years ago. It is social pioneering today and the questions confronting us run like this:—"How do we improve our lives in the places where we are?" "How do we give more equal opportunity to a great number of people?" "How do we grow in appreciation of the things of the spirit and in enjoyment of the things of the mind?" And, "How do we achieve a democracy which has no economic or racial slaves, but which instead holds all human beings in respect and believes in every individual's right to personal development and satisfaction?"

Eleanor Roosevelt

THE PHOTOGRAPHS

AMERICA is a land of extremes and sharp contrasts and sheer beauty. It is a land of mountain ranges reaching into the skies, of rolling green hills, of sun-scorched deserts and mighty roaring rivers. It is a land where blizzards wrap their icy whiteness around the Maine Woods, the Great Lakes, the Black Hills of Dakota. It is a land of warm spring days when all the earth comes alive and blossoms hang deep on the trees in Colorado, Virginia, and Massachusetts. It is a land of droughts and shriveling heat. The kind of heat that makes the highways fade into mirages in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arizona. And it is a land of hazy, russet autumns in Vermont, Minnesota, and Wyoming.

America is a land of people. People of all colors, and from all the other lands on earth. Their creeds and faiths are as diverse as man-made thought and conception can be, and their churches—all of them different—are the expressions of these faiths.

This being true, the sceptic may ask, "How can there be harmony in such a country? How can Democracy work?" We may answer by pointing to the hundreds of towns and villages that make America, where all these diverse elements are merged into homogenous units and where all are members one of another. These towns and villages are in Wisconsin, Idaho, Tennessee, New York, and Kansas. Some lie on the dusty, wind-swept plains, some are smoky, soot-covered industrial towns, and some are white and glistening little cities like those lying near the Mexican border. It cannot be said that any one of these towns is a typical American town, for, strictly speaking, a typical American town does not exist. They are all different. The topography, the climate, the resources of each, determine to a

large extent the life of the town: how its people live. Yet, so unlike in these respects, all of them are basically the same. All are composed of rich and poor, old Americans, and new Americans with the blood of a dozen different nations in their veins. And all of them have a way of life—a life of freedom and liberty—which suddenly becomes precious with the threat of loss. None of these towns and villages nor the people in them is perfect. The bickering, the competition, the false social ambitions, prejudices, and jealousies, the little hates, the too often found corruptness of politicians, the unnecessary poverty exist in them all. These are the imperfections of Democracy. Yet, even with these imperfections, it is a way of life better than the Nazist, the Fascist, the Communist. For there is faith in our way of life and a firm determination to make Democracy a thing of the spirit as well as of words.

Any of these towns in America would have served well the purpose of a photographic study: Ashland, Oregon; Greenfield, Ohio; Gaffney, South Carolina; or Boonville, Missouri. Hingham, Massachusetts, however, was chosen for two reasons. First, because I have lived here on and off for a number of years and knew it well. Secondly, and more important, it was founded in 1635 by men whose love of freedom was the most predominating force of their lives, and today, as even in the youngest U. S. town, its people are once more engaged in a fight for freedom. Here was a town that had lived through, been active in, and weathered, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the First World War, and now the greatest war of all. Three hundred and seven years have brought many changes to the town of Hingham. It has grown from a

small village of farmers, fishermen, and artisans to one now considered a residential suburb where most of its men commute to Boston. Its houses have run the gamut of all the architectural styles popular in each century. Its population, once a handful of English men and women, has grown to eight thousand and includes all colors and creeds. Many of the old families have died out. The town has changed. The present war is changing it even more. Ammunition depots and new shipyards are bringing in vast numbers of workers. New houses are going up, new problems arising which the townspeople must meet. Yet this storm, like the others before it, will be ridden, and those enduring qualities of freedom and democracy will remain intact.

For more than a year the photographs for this book were taken during many trips across the United States and during the four different seasons in Hingham. The town offered an unlimited amount of material, for almost anything which is part of town life is important in a portrayal of American life. But there are limits as to how many pictures may be included in a book. Therefore, those which seemed most significant and which would illustrate best the ideas Mrs. Roosevelt and I had in mind, were chosen out of the large number taken.

All the photographs were taken with one camera, the Leica. Two lenses were used, the f.2 Summar and the f.9cm Elmar.

I want to acknowledge my indebtedness to the people of Hingham for their willing cooperation whenever it was needed. Particularly do I want to thank the staff of men in the Town Office and Mrs. Leona Mead of the Hingham Public Library who so generously assisted me in the necessary research work.

Frances Cooke Macgregor
Hingham, Mass.

THIS IS AMERICA

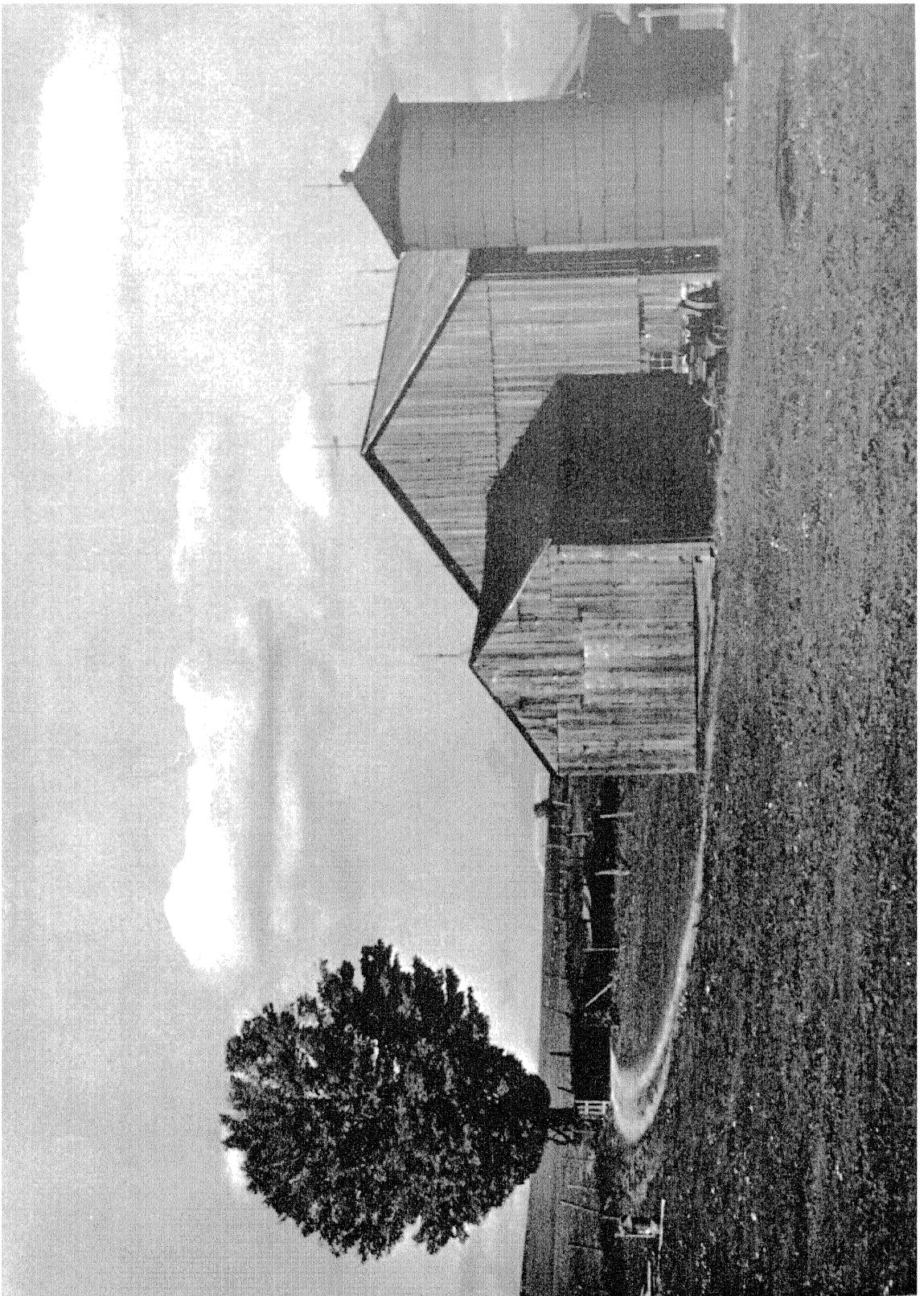
ALMOST every conceivable type of life and landscape is to be found in the vast stretches of the United States, probably a greater variety than can be seen in any other nation. The next few pictures show vividly these widely different aspects of our country.

A VERMONT FARM

Hardy people were needed to wring a livelihood from the rugged country of the Green Mountain State, and perhaps no other section of America clings so faithfully to the traditions of early New England and the New England way of life. From Whittier's "Snowbound" we can get a good idea of what this was:

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows. . . .

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray darkened into night.
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm.
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winded snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked like tall and sheeted ghosts.



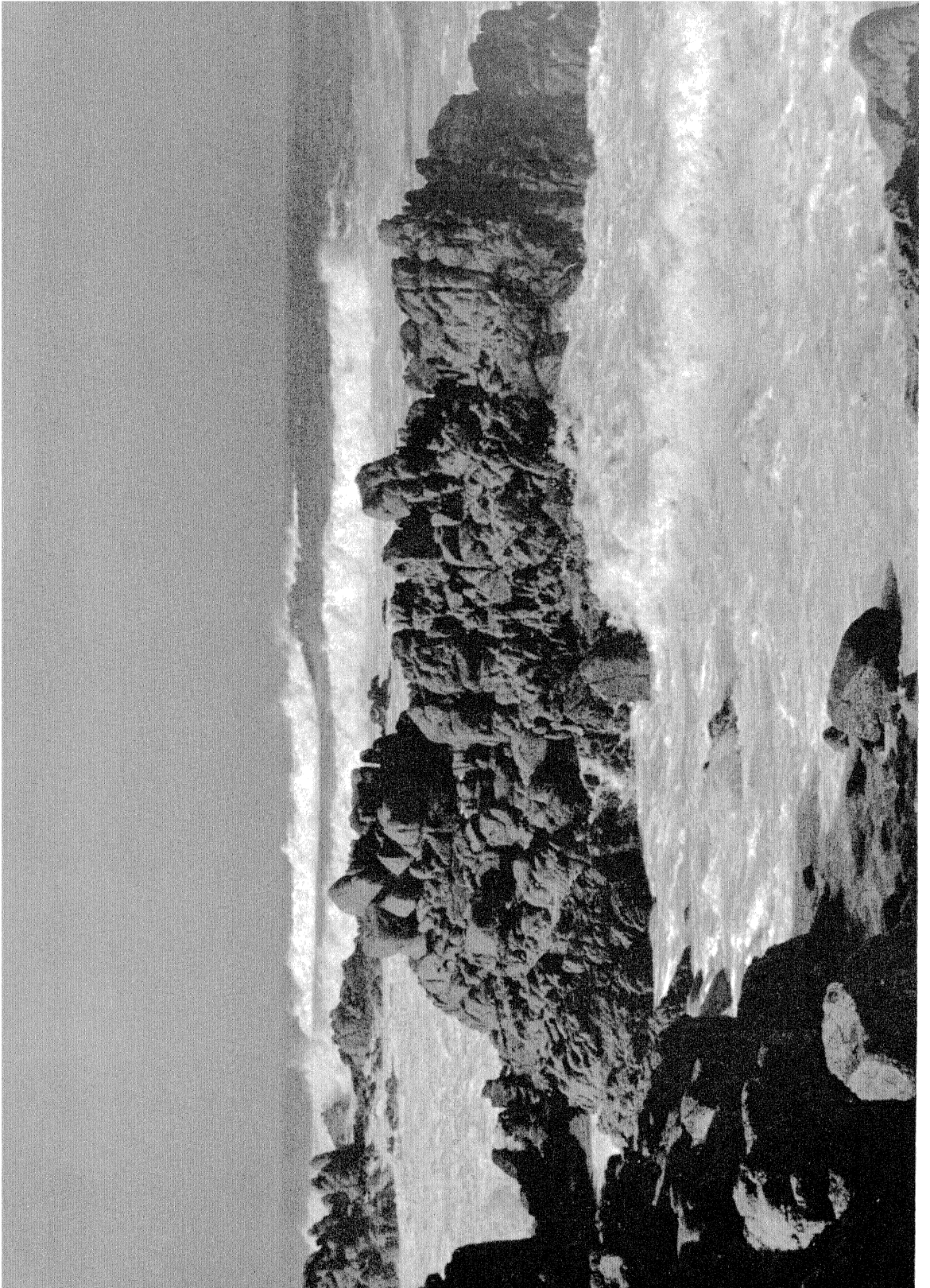
THE PACIFIC COAST

The first white people to gaze upon our Pacific Coast, and to establish themselves on its shores, were probably the Spanish missionaries, who built a group of missions. One can still see these old Franciscan missions in California. The permanent settlement of this coast, from Southern California to the Canadian line, was started by the gold rush in 1849. To the north, men came to find better farm lands and lumber.

The prairie schooners, lumbering behind weary horses or oxen, kept moving on across the Continent until they reached the great trees and rocks of the Northern Pacific Coast. The drive along the beautiful Redwood Highway and along the shores of California and Oregon, is familiar to many of us, and scenes like this remind us of the immortal lines:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*John Keats, "On First Looking Into
Chapman's Homer"*



THE PRAIRIE COUNTRY

The center of our country, through which runs our great Mississippi River with all of its tributaries, was first prairie land, land where buffalo and wild animals roamed. It was gradually settled and converted into what we know today as the bread-basket of the nation. Wheat, corn, and hogs are the first things which come to our minds when we see this country, but we cannot forget something which has brought tragedy to a part of this land. Storms and high winds blew away the top soil from the plowed fields. We cut down so many trees at the sources of our rivers that we began to have floods and droughts, and finally this bread-basket of our nation lost the rich soil it once had.

We will see later the results of the havoc human beings wrought through lack of knowledge.

On these prairies lived people with eyes akin to the eyes of the men of the sea. They looked out over these great spaces, seeking out their neighbors' homes far away and watching the weather which was as important to them as it is to the seamen. They have gloried in the fertility of this land and know that they contributed the base from which the riches of our country sprang.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
Where children are blessings, and he who hath
most

Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast;
Where the young may exalt, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the Land of the West!

—Longfellow

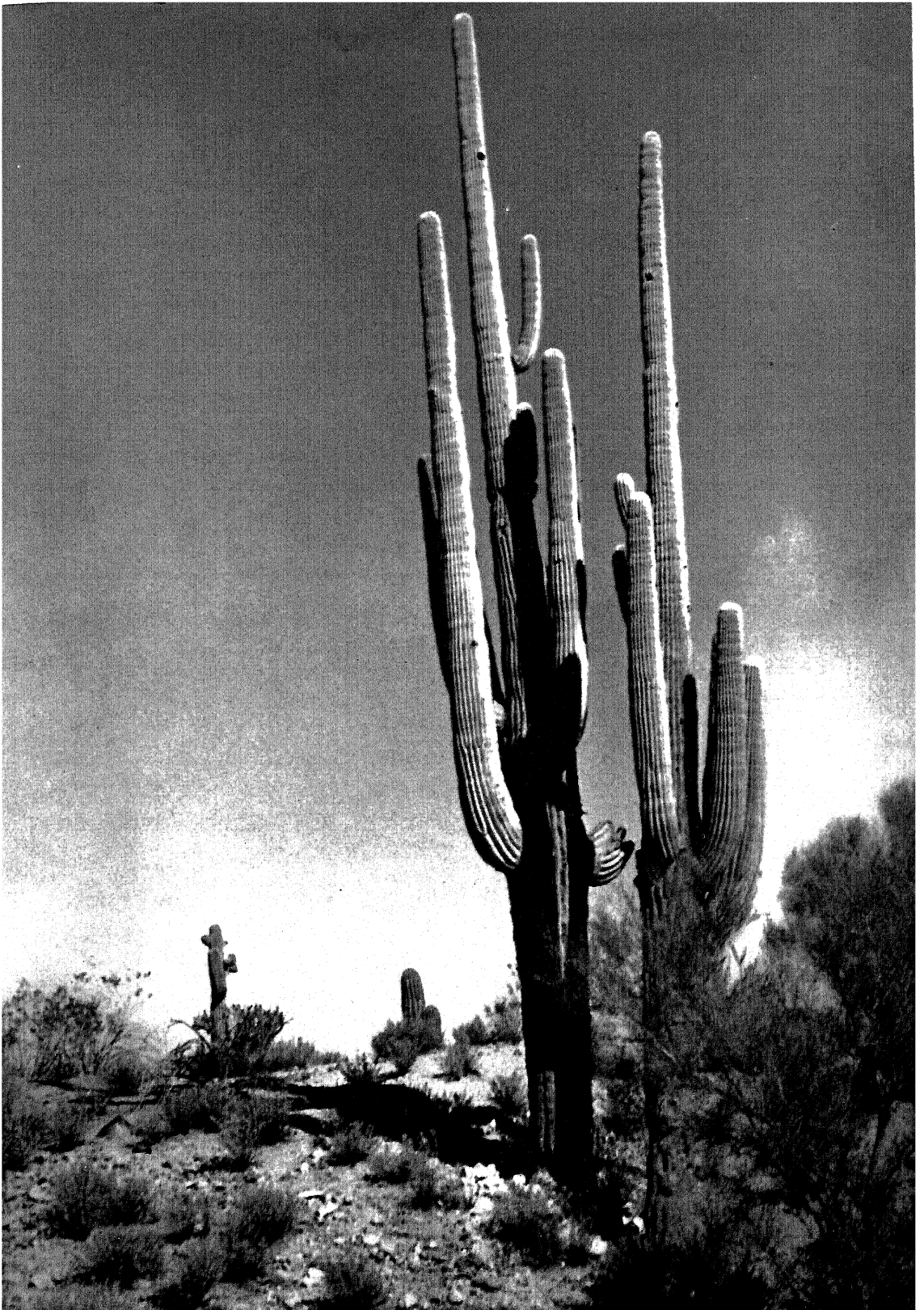


THE DESERT

In the Southwest are miles and miles of desert country, and in the spring, when the desert blooms, one can find almost every color in the curious vegetation. To me there is great beauty in the characteristic cacti, in the great stretches of arid land and sagebrush, and in the changing lights that play upon the desert. Here the traveler finds green oases about some hidden spring and then is lured many miles by a mirage of green which is ever disappearing as he almost reaches it.

To the young people of the nation the Southwest is the land of cowboys. We know, however, that cattle being driven north to the railroad are not the Southwest's chief interest today. This land provides oil wells and the opportunity to satisfy the same love of adventure. Once upon a time it manifested itself in riding the range, mining, and wild orgies on Saturday nights in the little towns. Now we have grown up, but business in oil is a gamble and an adventure, and so is cattle raising on a great scale.

A hotel in the Southwest when an oil men's convention is on is a sight worth remembering, with men in high-heeled cowboy boots and broad-brimmed hats. Here soft talk and a slow Southern drawl may hide a personality which is neither soft nor slow.



THE MOUNTAINS

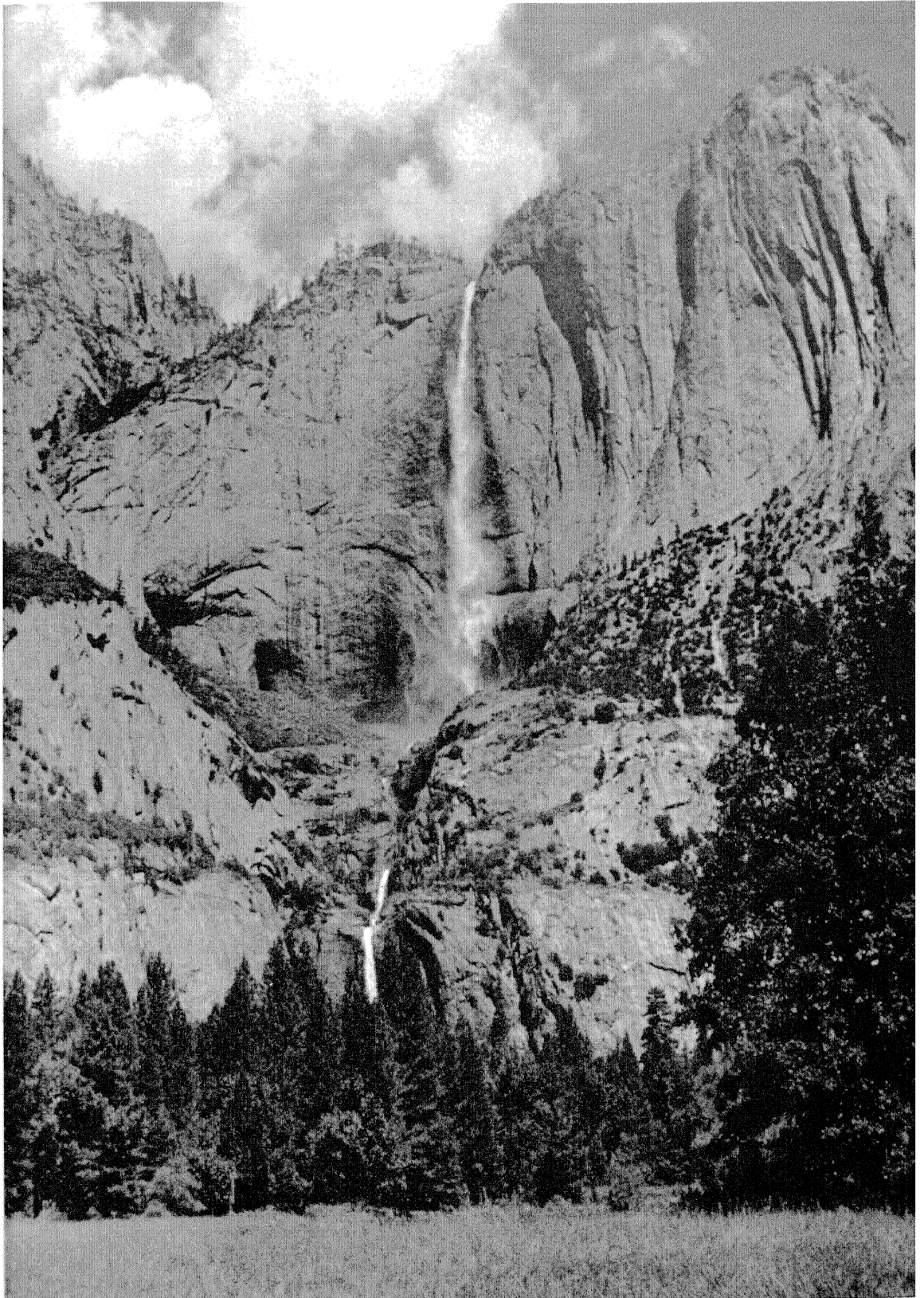
Our natural fortresses, the mountains, have provided us with beauty, with recreation, with streams which feed our rivers, with pasture for our cattle, and with trees whose wood has built homes and factories throughout the nation.

We haven't always been wise in conserving the riches of our mountains. We haven't replanted the trees when we stripped them from the mountain sides. We haven't always tunneled wisely for coal and other minerals, but as we grow older we are learning. Our children will have fewer accidents in mines, and they will plant where we have reaped.

Up above the level of vegetation in our mountains we see many sheer slabs of rock, down which tumble mountain streams, creating torrents of white foam and spray which drop at last into still, deep pools created by the force of the falls and the stream itself and worn smooth by the constant friction. These bare mountains take on innumerable shades of color as evening falls, and I know no sight more beautiful at the mystic sunset hour.

High on a cloud-girt hill I stand;
And with clear vision gazing thence,
Thy glories round me far expand:
Rivers, whose likeness earth has not,
And lakes, that elsewhere seas would be,
Whose shores the countless wild herds dot,
Fleet as the winds, and all as free;
Mountains that pierce the bending sky,
And with the storm-cloud warfare wage,
Shooting their glittering peaks on high,
To mock the fierce red lightning's rage.

—*William D. Gallagher*, from "Poems of America,"
selected by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



EVERYWHERE we see, in all its varied forms, the parade of the seasons. In southern sections winter comes mildly, the animals do not hibernate, the leaves stay on the trees, the air is balmy. Spring bursts with glory in the north to compensate for the long hard winter. Summer in the Middle West is a far cry from the crystal summer of the Maine coast. Autumn's most brilliant pageant is perhaps in New England, though there is beauty too in the corn shocks of Iowa, in the Virginia mountains, in the checkered fields of the prairie country.

WINTER IN THE NORTHERN WOODS

It is a strange and thrilling experience to venture into the northern forests in winter, to brave the bitter cold, and to see the long blue shadows on the snow, the stark silhouettes of the trees, and their lacy patterns against the cold gray sky.

Here, where the wind is always north-north-east
And children learn to walk on frozen toes.

—Edwin Arlington Robinson, "New England"



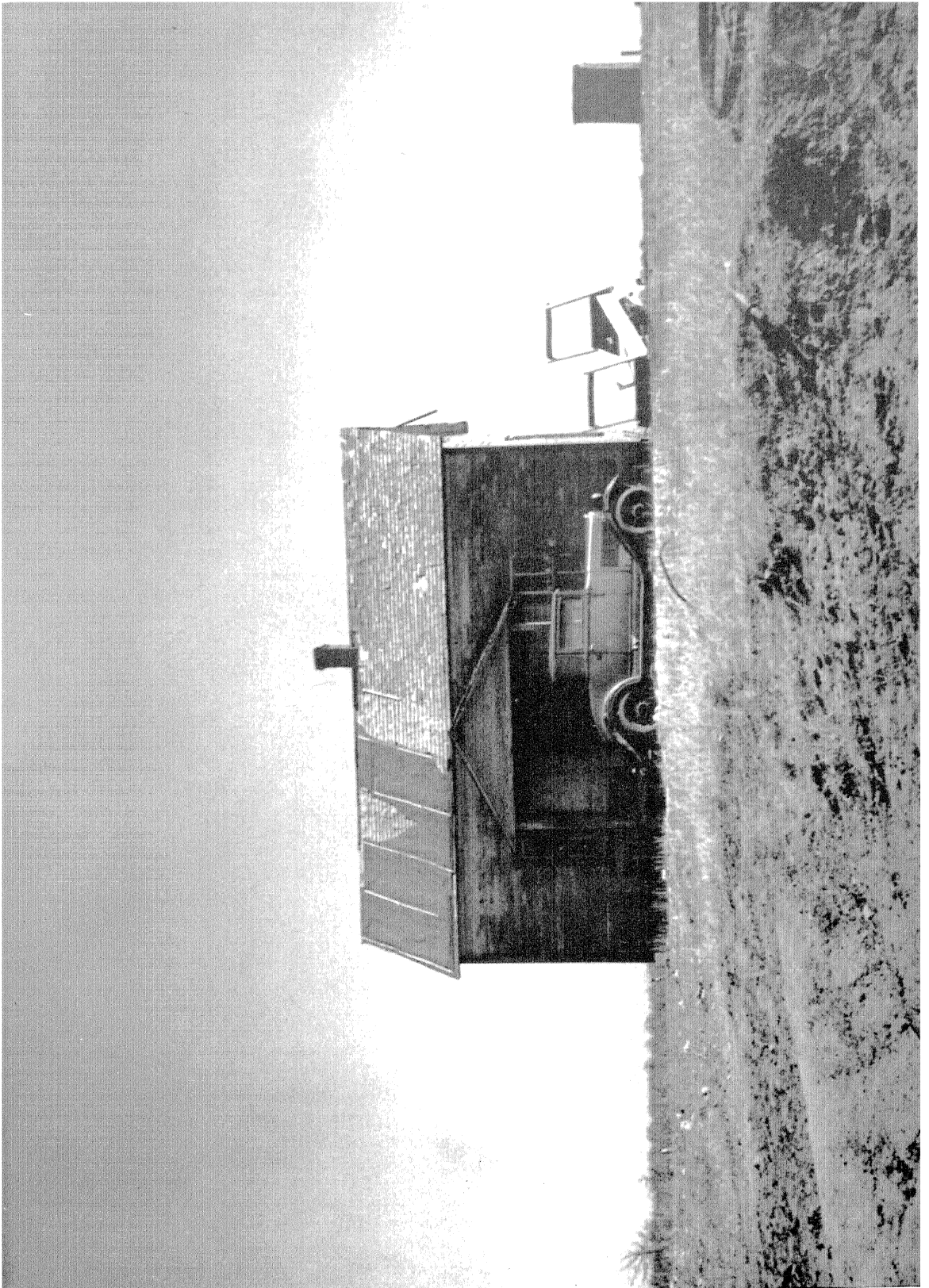
SUMMER HEAT IN THE DUST BOWL

In contrast to the green hills of Massachusetts, here is what you would see as a result of those wind clouds in our former picture of the prairie country. Summer hammers its hardest blows in the Dust Bowl, and here we see its scorched earth, the house that is falling to pieces, the car that, on the road, is known as a jalopy. Everything in sight is undernourished, listless, and gone to seed. This is the only part of the country where one can see complete human despair and defeat—a sad example of human beings caught by nature's retaliation for man's stupidity.

Monotonous, vast, it stretches away,
Its past blotted out and its future
Mirage. It is dim and gray
As the dawn of things and the end,
And its shadows that blend
And are lost in heat waves, a mocking land
Of blurred gray sage and shifting sand.

—*Grace Davidson Baldwin*, "Prairie,"
from "Northwest Verse"

Man ruined the land; farmers lost their holdings; the poorer folk took to the open road and started on an endless migration. The Dust Bowl has driven men from their homes, but some of them return when at length the rains do come. Then, here as elsewhere, hope springs again in human hearts, and men go to work as though the drought had disappeared forever.

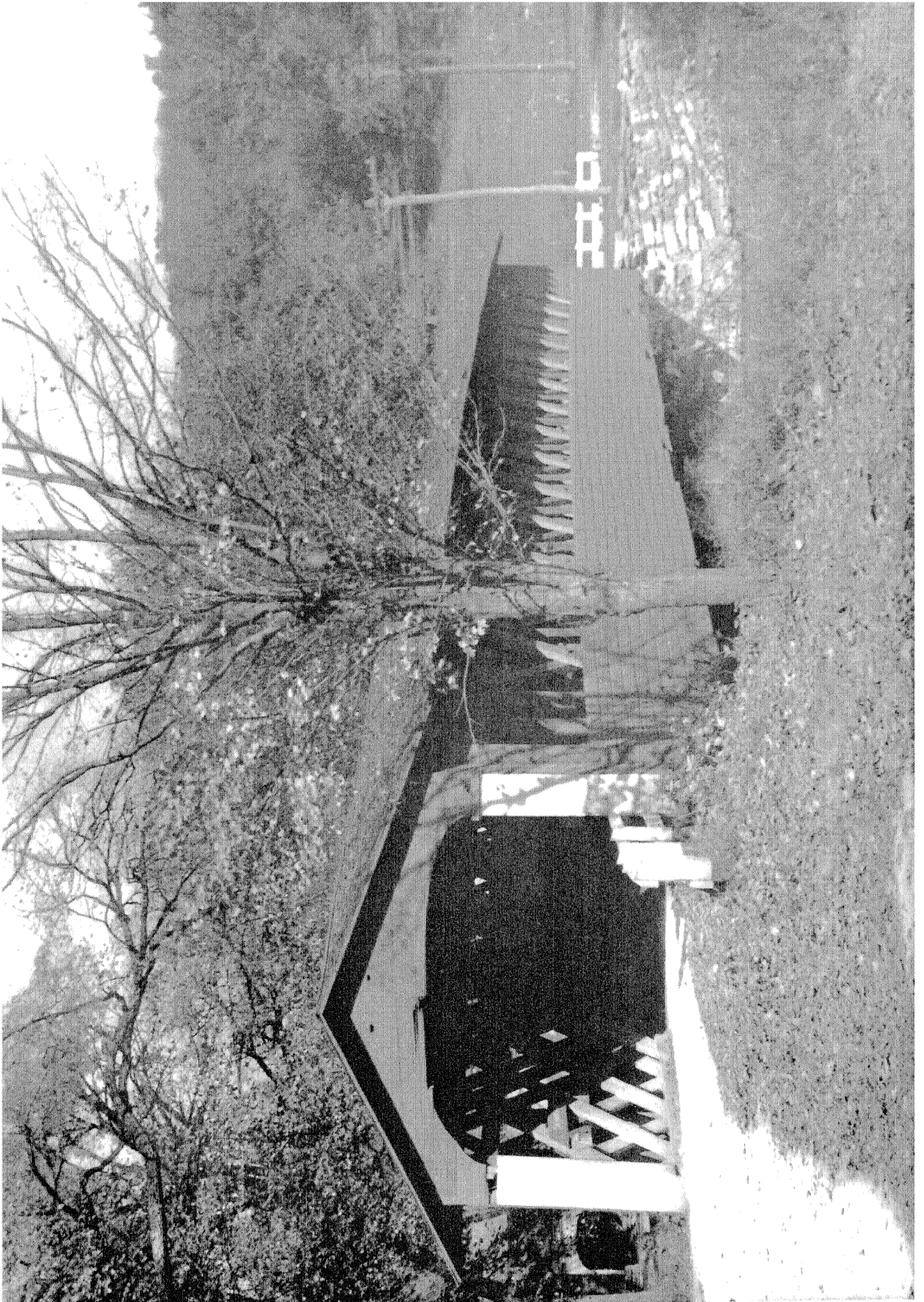


AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND

Where do we find more beautiful colors than in the New England woods in the fall? I hope you will follow, on some sunny autumn afternoon, the road that leads away under a covered bridge to the unfrequented countryside and a rocky little pasture. The bell on some lead-cow may sound in the distance, the clouds will scud across the sky, and you can be a child again, a child of the pioneer, looking for the Indian stalking through the woods or searching for wild grapes in the tangled underbrush.

The old covered bridges, now so very few, belong to the horse and buggy days—and what a delightful sound the well-shod horses made as they trotted through the dark tunnel! Now and then one comes upon such reminders of an earlier time, spanning a stream over which passes a country road that winds through the autumn woods. It will display for you maples of scarlet and gold, oaks of russet and red, and here and there the deep green of the hemlock and the pine.

October in New England is a chilly yet bracing month, and it is rich with association, of open fires, of uninterrupted conversations with a friend, of the dog that comes in to curl beside you, exhausted from a long chase after the elusive squirrel.



*A*MERICA is composed of all the races, and Herr Goebbels has told the Germans that there our weakness lies. With so many racial types existing in the United States, the social tensions, the prophecies, will tear us apart. And Hitler is sure that he can foist revolution on us because of our wide variety of religious beliefs and racial origins.

Herr Goebbels, Herr Hitler: you have pointed out not our weakness but our strength. We learned, the hard way, that a nation cannot exist half slave and half free: but it is the goal and the pledge of our democracy that we can all live together in a spirit of goodwill and mutual respect.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO

Of the 130,000,000 people in the nation, thirteen million are Negroes. They are one of the oldest stocks in the land and they have played a mighty part in its development. Brought here as slaves, they have had less than a hundred years of freedom. But since Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, what strides they have taken! Still not completely free, they have risen steadily, in spite of innumerable difficulties, through indomitable courage and faith.

Parts of our country owe their wealth to the Negro's cultivation of the soil, and he has shared in all the manual labor and in the dangers of pioneering. He has contributed greatly to the music and art of the country, to its literature, to education, and to science—and will contribute more. Last but not least, we thank him for the example of a spirit which smiles at adversity and still finds joy and laughter and contentment in circumstances which might embitter and sadden a less courageous race.



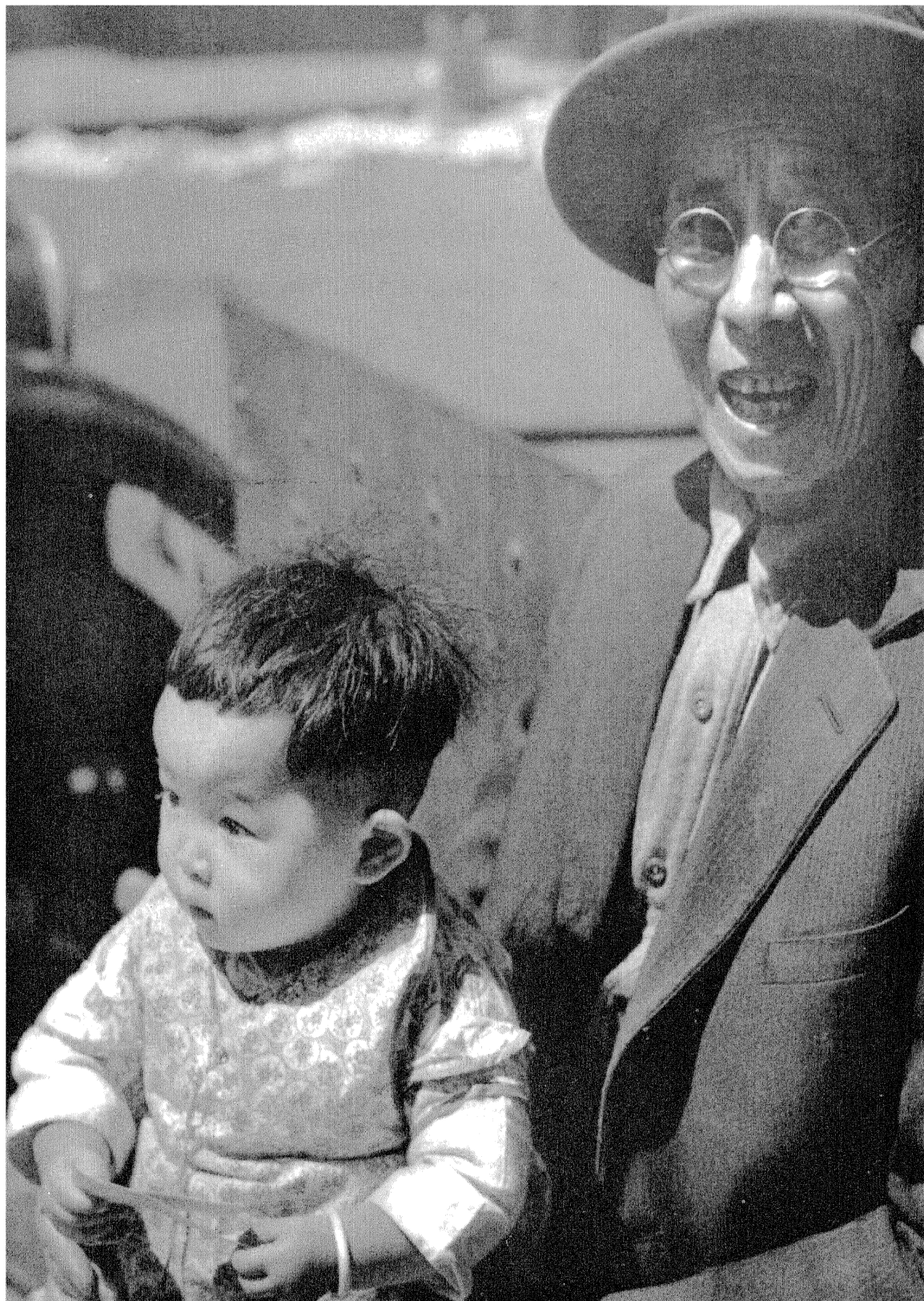
THE AMERICAN CHINESE

Under our laws, some of our older Chinese people have never been able to become American citizens, but babies like this one, born in this country, are Americans, and we have today many young Chinese, also born here, serving in our armed forces. They are serving equally the nation from which their parents or grandparents came, since China and the United States are now Allies.

There has always been a close tie between our nation and the Chinese people and a great respect for the Chinese merchant here; so we may look forward in the future to becoming as cooperative in peace as we are now in war.

No small part in our growing understanding of the Chinese people has been due to the fine books from and about China that have won a wide audience in recent years. Pearl S. Buck has brought home to us the nobility of the Chinese, and we have learned much from such kindly and perceptive philosophers as Lin Yu-tang of the wise and ancient civilization he represents.

Perhaps the students from China who come to our schools and universities will be our best interpreters in the even closer relationship of the future.



THE AMERICAN INDIAN

The best claimants to the land we live in, the first Americans, have been shabbily treated by the conquering whites. Driven from their homes, their way of life largely destroyed, herded into reservations, sacred treaties broken—is it strange that the Indian became “the Vanishing American?” But he is *not* vanishing now; since 1900, when there were only 270,000 survivors, the Indian population has increased to over 360,000. Perhaps it is that he now has hope, and the white man is beginning not only to aid him but to understand him. His inventive talents, his high intelligence, his love of beauty, his dignity and courtesy, his contentment with simple ways, are more appreciated in a world harassed as ours is today.

It would be well to consider what we owe to the Indian, apart from the country itself: such important products as tobacco and cotton; many items of our daily diet—potatoes, tomatoes, corn, squash, beans, pumpkin, peanuts, and maple sugar; such indispensable drugs as quinine, witch hazel, ipecac, and cocaine; even our sports—canoeing, tobogganing, snowshoeing, and lacrosse. In art they have contributed baskets, pottery, blankets, painting, and jewelry; and their colorful songs and dances have given America a folklore distinctly its own.

The day is near when the Indian will be an integral part of our nation, taking his place on a basis of equal opportunity.



THE WHITE RACE IN AMERICA

One of the youngest of races represented on this soil is the predominant one, approximately 115,000,000 out of the total 130,000,000. Happy and carefree in childhood, perfectly sure of themselves, the white people have looked upon consideration of others as a matter of secondary importance. But we are gradually awakening to our responsibilities to and dependency on the Negro, the Oriental, the Indian, and the newcomers to our shores, and regarding their problems with more understanding than we did in the past.

It is the Anglo-Saxon stock, representing roughly half of all the whites in the United States, that has molded the form of American culture and constituted the main body of the population. The rest have come chiefly from Europe, for wider opportunities frequently, but too often fleeing from oppression and cruelties and abject poverty. From Germany they came by thousands, from Ireland, from Italy, from the Scandinavian countries, from Russia and Poland and Southeastern Europe, from Switzerland and France, from the Low Countries; from Portugal and Spain. And now Americans all. As George Moore has said ("The Bending of the Bough"):

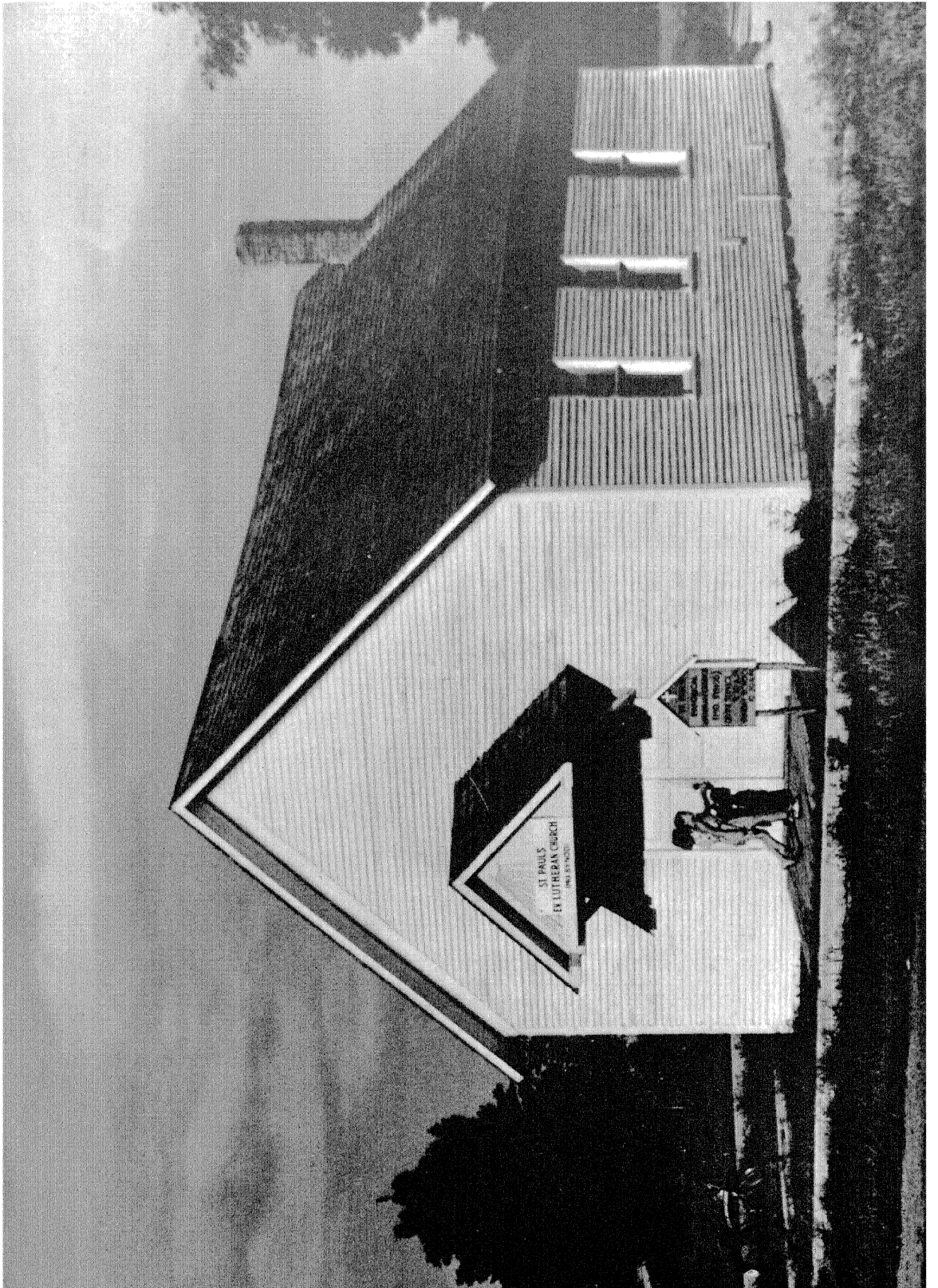
"After all, there is but one race—humanity."



FREEDOM OF RELIGION *is a sentiment we hear often in this country. We pride ourselves on giving every man the opportunity to worship God in his own way, in the kind of church he prefers, according to the creed in which he believes. There is no state religion in America, no persecution of religious minorities.*

A LUTHERAN CHURCH

When groups of common origin and religious faith find themselves together in a new land, one of their first desires is to build a church. In Minnesota and Wisconsin there are hundreds of Scandinavian communities that have built such little places of worship. And so it is throughout the country with all the sects and all the national groups. The varieties of Protestants in America are so numerous and the differences in dogma in many instances so puzzling that it is hard to differentiate. But they may all worship as they please, without interference.



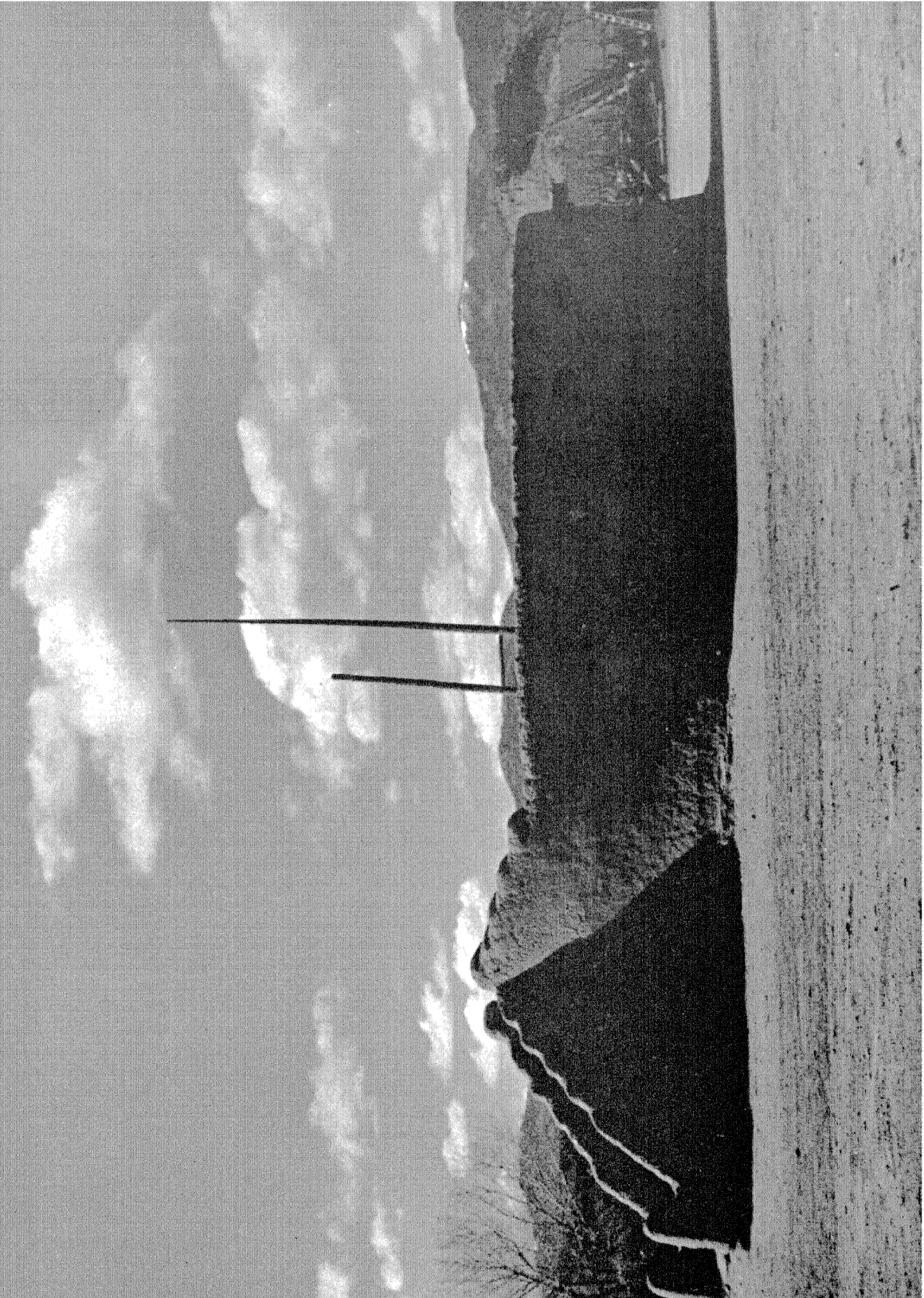
A KIVA

Freedom of religion extends to the pagan religions, and the American Indians, despite pressure in the past to force Christianity upon them, are now free to have their own rituals and ceremonies or to follow any faith they desire. (Many have joined Protestant or Catholic churches, and some, though nominally Christians, continue to participate in the religious rites and ceremonies of their own tribes.)

Kivas are found in all pueblos. They are the sacred ceremonial chambers (reached by a ladder from the roof) where the rituals are held. To invoke the blessing and protection of his gods—the clouds, the night, the moon, even the trees—the Indian performed sacrifices, dances, and chants.

Women, except on special occasions, are not allowed to enter the kivas; they could visit them only to bring food and other prime necessities to the men.

Many of the kivas have the walls, or parts of them, covered with hieroglyphic paintings, symbolic in nature and serving to remind the master of ceremonies of the main incidents in the rituals to be performed on certain stated occasions.

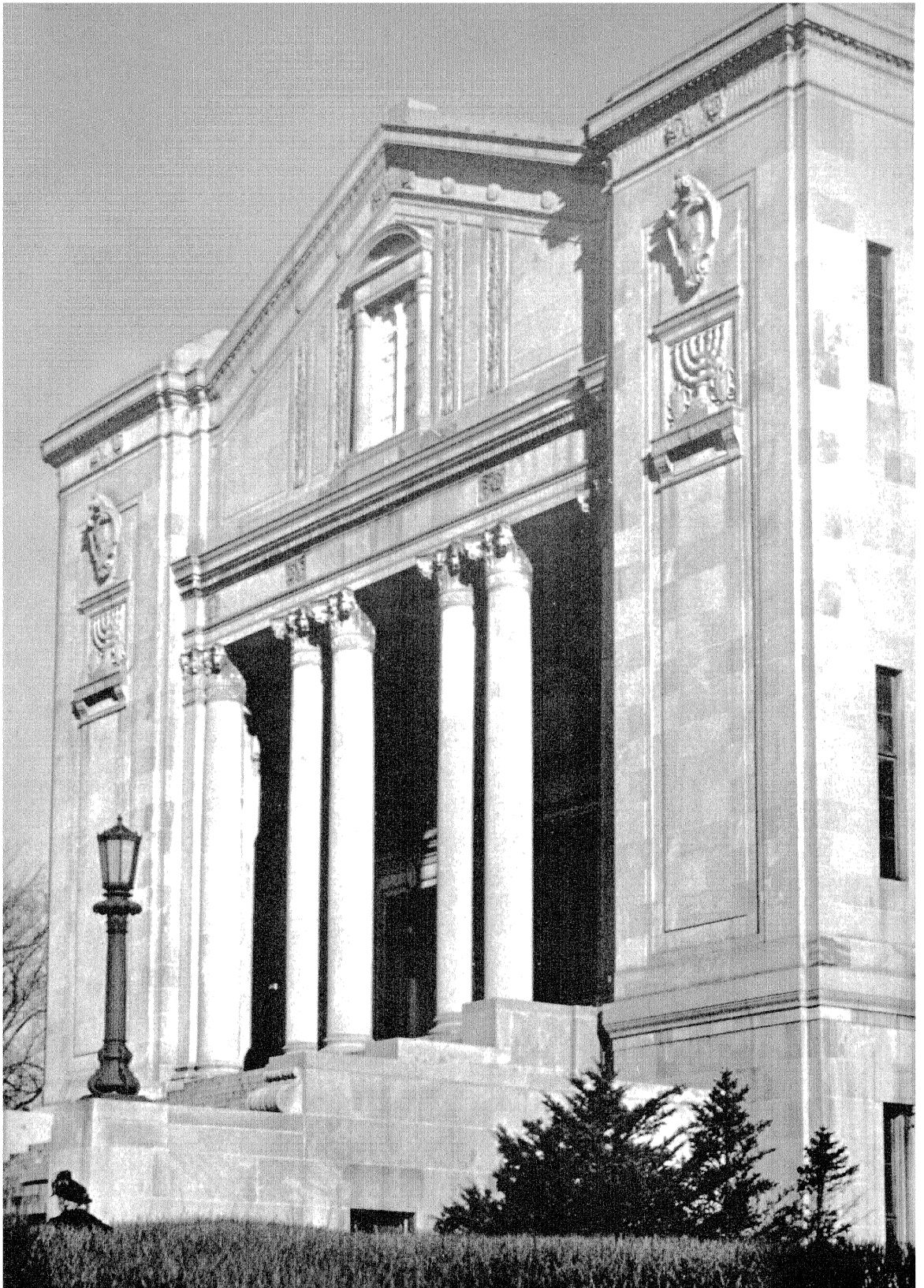


A SYNAGOGUE

Unlike their unhappy situation in large sections of the world today, the Jews of America may worship freely in their temples and synagogues. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." So reads the inscription on this beautiful place of worship.

During the centuries the Jewish religion has undergone some changes. The ritual is very beautiful and exerts a tremendous influence over the people brought up in the church. The background of history gives it added significance. That their religion has brought them persecution has, I think, strengthened its hold on both young and old. Only the really orthodox Jews still observe all the ancient customs which affect everyday life, but many of these traditional restraints and prohibitions of the Jews, in the realms of sanitation and medicine, have come to us who are Gentiles in the guise of modern scientific discovery.

At the time of the 1940 census there were 4,500,000 Jews in the United States. It would be impossible to assess the full value of their achievement in all fields of human activity, but of one thing we can be sure: much of it was made possible by their sharing of American liberties.



A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

In the vineyards of California is this charming and unconventional little church built for their worship by a Swiss-Italian colony of wine-makers. The grape vines which surround it seem to bind the church close to the life of the people, sharing with them their work, their sorrows, and their joys.

The first settlers in the American colonies were largely Protestant, but one of the chief purposes of the Maryland colony was to act as a refuge for the persecuted Catholics in England. Lord Baltimore, its first proprietor, initiated in 1649 the famous Act of Toleration, the first complete establishment of religious freedom in the colonies.

There are now 22,000,000 Roman Catholics in the United States. The first to come from Europe in vast numbers were the Irish, and they were followed by heavy immigration from Italy, South Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Poland.



WITH CIVILIZED MAN *as with the savage, the inescapable necessity is that he should provide food, shelter, and clothing for himself and his family. In a free country like the United States a man has unlimited opportunity to choose his favorite way of making a livelihood. "It takes all sorts to make a world," and the wonder is that all the multifarious occupations find men eager and able to carry on the work.*

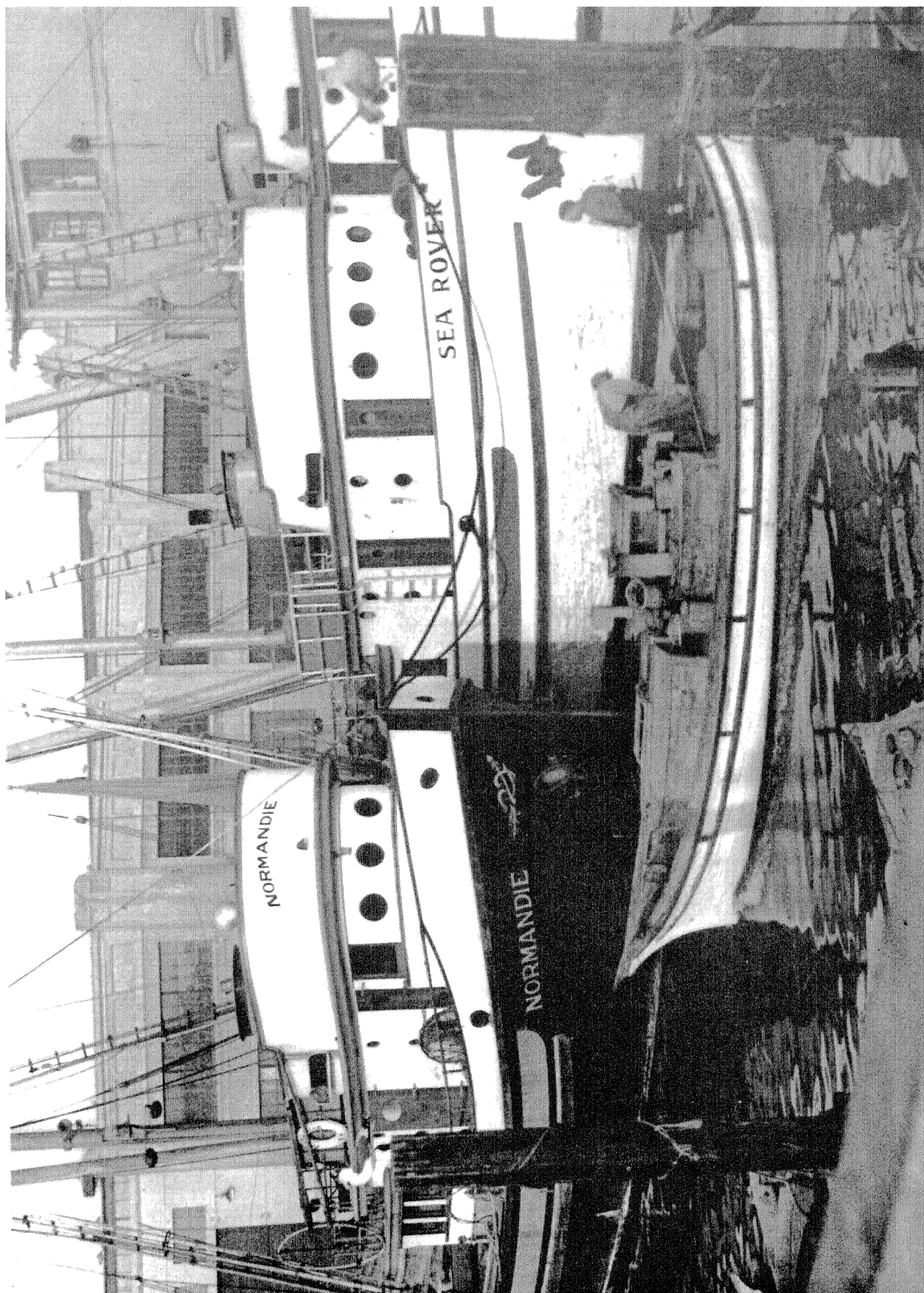
FISHERMEN

Men go down to the sea in ships. In every port, all up and down our coasts, we can find fishermen bringing in their fish to be sold at the nearest market. Many from New England ports fish off the Banks as the British and French have done for many years. There is fishing too off the Capes and in the Gulf, and great fisheries are on the Pacific Coast. The fishermen bring in the fish from the deep sea in the holds of their little boats, and go home after a voyage which has been fraught with many dangers. Fog and swift passenger ships that ran them down without knowing it were yesterday's dangers; today it's war and mines and submarines.

Much of American fishing is done by men with Portuguese, Italian, Norwegian, and Irish forbears.

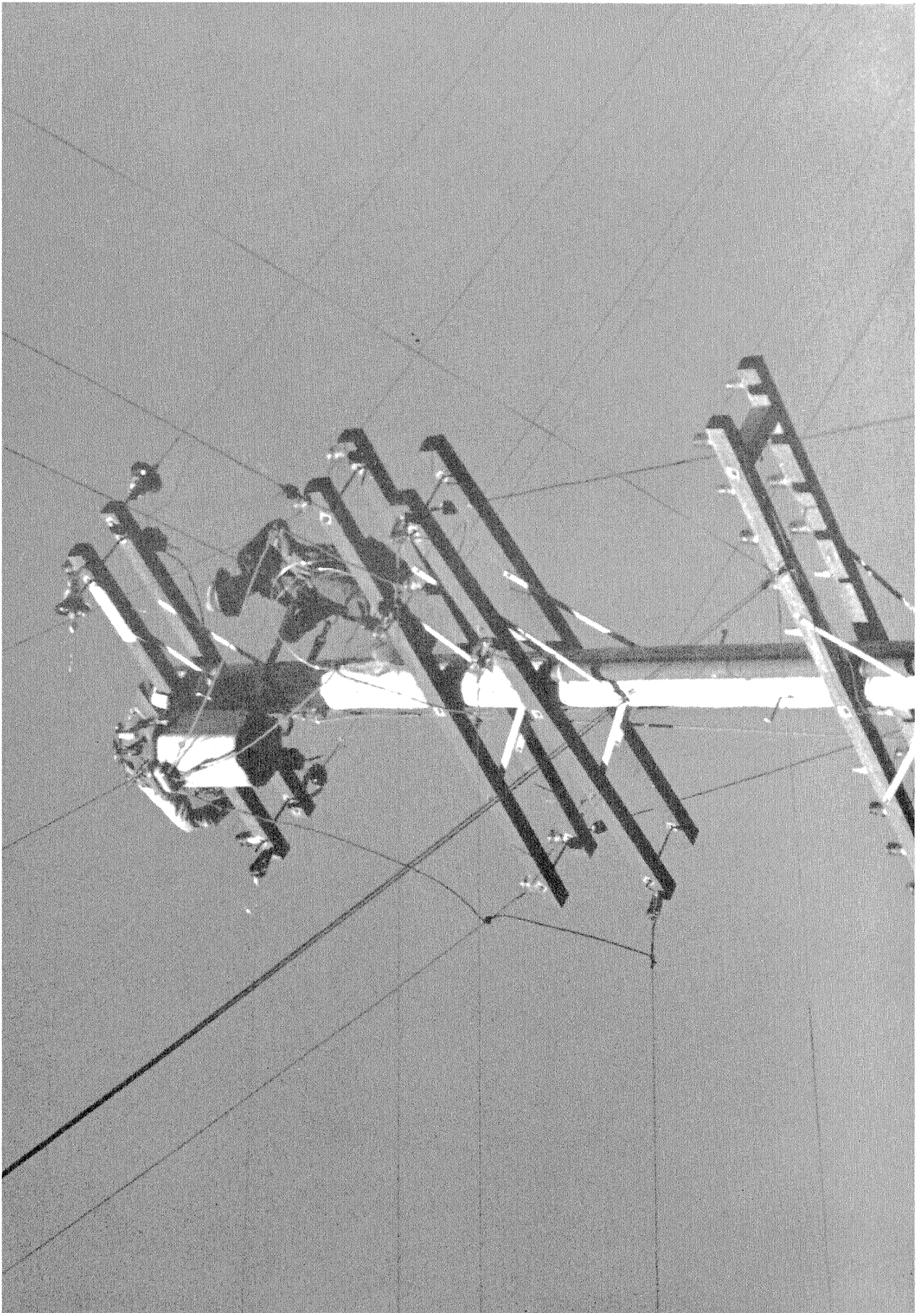
I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sails shaking
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn
breaking.

—John Masefield, "Sea Fever"



LINEMEN

When we look at men working on high tension wires, we are bound to think of the thousands and thousands of messages they are making possible, to homes and industries across the country, of the hours of light and the tremendous power conveyed by such wires to achieve our production of the tools of war and later to bring us the comforts that can only exist in a peaceful world. Here is the transmission line for the great machine age, without which we would still be in the position of China—multiplying the number of our children as rapidly as possible to take the place of the machines. One of the great strides we have made in the past few years from a social point of view is bringing cheap power, through our government Rural Electrification Administration program, to the farm people of the nation. It has transformed life both indoors and out and freed men and more especially women from back-breaking toil.



FARMERS

Nearly one-fourth of our population is engaged in farming. Our basic industry is, and must be, the production of food. There have been in the past hundred years great developments in agricultural methods, in the use of machinery and of scientific investigation, in the study of soils and the increase of farmers' cooperatives; but, whatever the improvements, the farmer's lot is not an easy one. His paramount importance to every citizen is too little understood and his needs too seldom recognized. I know of no occupation which is a greater gamble, and none which takes more courage. But if you love the soil it is probably the occupation that returns more satisfactions than any other, though the financial rewards are seldom great.

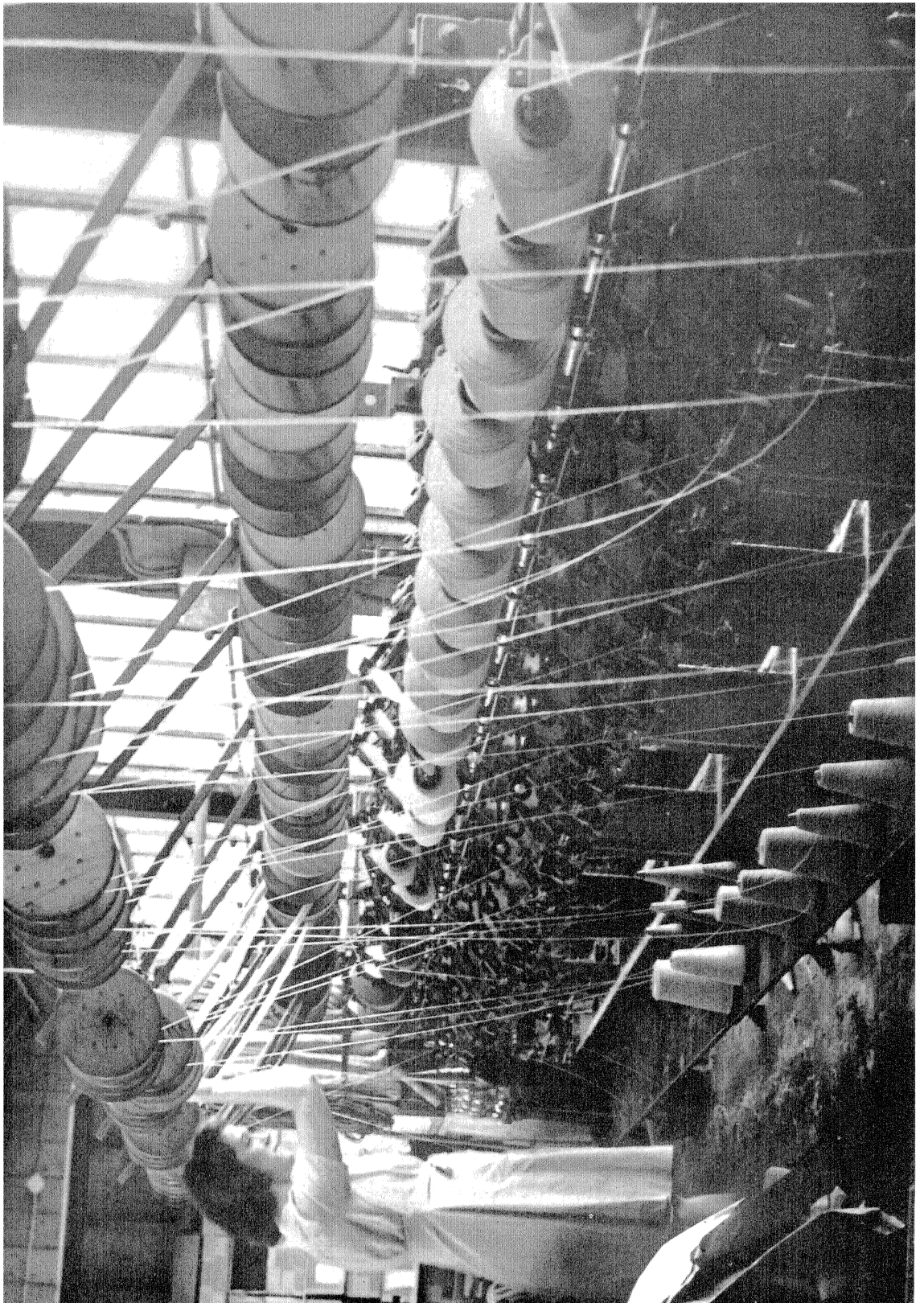
The modern farm requires not only hard labor but great intelligence, and we can be grateful that our agricultural schools and colleges have had such foresight and that the caliber of the American farmer is in general so high. In the present crisis we have need to be not only the arsenal of democracy but, in large part, its commissariat as well.



WORKERS IN INDUSTRY

Millions of men and women work at machines in America. Ours is a nation of great industries, and never before has a people existed with so pronounced a mechanical bent. Americans are born "tinkerers," and our proportion of inventors, great and small, has probably never been approached. Considering our war needs and those of our allies, our native capacity to achieve wonders in machine production should make us thankful today.

Only recently have we come to realize that women are able to perform jobs that once went automatically to men; in some cases, they have proved to be more adept.



MIGRATORY WORKERS

The pioneer spirit still exists in America. When workers find conditions difficult at home they strike out to make a living elsewhere. We need migratory workers for certain kinds of farm labor but in the period of depression they become a serious and distressing problem. And the problem is still unsolved. This family walked from Texas to California, seeking work, sleeping in fields. We need, more than we need migratory workers, self-respecting citizens who are able to give decent surroundings to their children, to provide them with security and a normal background, to send them to school like other children. The Farm Security Administration, with its camps, has made a beginning, but we must do much more.

... They stood on a mountain, and they looked
toward the west,
And it looked like the Promised Land,
A bright green valley with a river running through,
There was work for every single hand, they
thought,
There was work for every single hand.

Wherever little children are hungry and cry,
Wherever people ain't free—
Wherever men are a-fightin' for their rights,
That's where I'm a-goin' to be, Ma,
That's where I'm a-goin' to be.

—From "Tom Joad," words by Woody Guthrie



NO MORE *striking evidence of our democracy exists than in our school system, where education is free, no better proof that our way of life and our form of government are good and right—and worth fighting for.*

A COUNTRY SCHOOL

The country school has a proud heritage, for many a President of the United States, and many another great man, started his education in a little school just like this. The yard in front of the school, where most of the games take place, is probably the most democratic place in the world—unless some bully crops up amongst the youngsters. He never rules for long. Sooner or later, even he is dealt with by the stern hand of majority rule.

As soon as settlements were made in New England, schools were established there, and so it has been generally throughout the United States. They have been well supported by the communities and have developed, through public support, into the great school system of today.



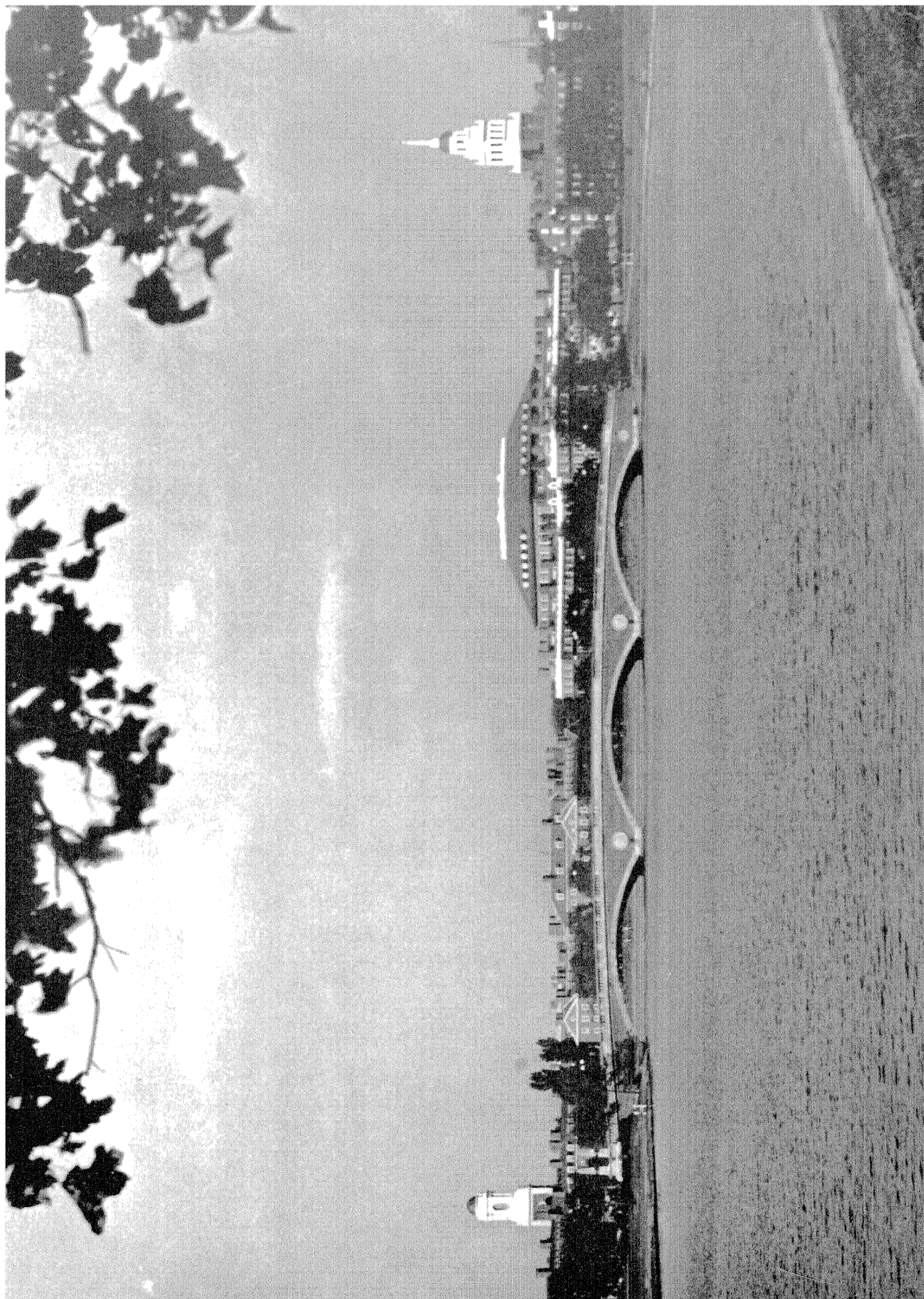
A UNIVERSITY

A university, as Dorothy Thompson has said, is “a monument to the belief that the human mind has the right to explore the past, investigate the present, and plan for the future, with open eyes and intellectual candor.”

America is justly proud of its great universities. Harvard (here pictured) is the oldest of the colleges, having been founded in 1636. Since then many other endowed institutions have come into being. Most of these originally had denominational connections, but democratic convictions brought about the state university movement, and in 1785 the University of Georgia was chartered; in 1789, North Carolina; in 1791, Vermont; and many others followed. By 1900 many of the denominational colleges had been secularized, and the enrollment in all the institutions had increased to 168,000. But the amazing development has been in this century; in 1938, college students numbered over 1,250,000. That same year showed an increase of 300,000 over 1933; it is interesting to reflect on what was happening to German universities in those same five years.

The state and city universities are open to all who can conform to the scholarly requirements; the strength of democracy is in the educational opportunities it offers.

Many of the institutions that began with only an academic course expanded to include other special colleges and thus became universities. Harvard is a fair sample, with its Law School and its Schools of Medicine, Dentistry, Business Administration, Education and Public Administration.



THE AMERICAN TOWN *is the backbone of America, and Main Street is the backbone of democracy. In the towns and villages throughout the land many races, many nationalities, many creeds, despite the extreme differences in America as a whole, live side by side in the American way. Here it is that democracy will be proved. Here men can be neighbors, enter into community activities together, each citizen of equal responsibility, all working in harmony for the good of the whole.*

MAIN STREET, HINGHAM

Hingham, Massachusetts, was chosen as a fair representative of the American town because of its long history and because today it shares with even the newest village the same fight for liberty. Today a town of 8003 people, it was founded in 1635 by a group of colonists who came from England seeking freedom and tolerance.

I can think of nothing lovelier than an old New England street after a snow storm, snow piled up on either side of the road, the heavy bare branches making a delicate tracery against the blue of the sky. There is a sense of stability and age in New England, as there is in Virginia; the forefathers builded well. We get a sense of looking back, of being really rooted in the soil.

The people who went out from such towns as this to settle a continent carried their names and their customs and often their architecture with them. It is curious to find the little lookouts, from which women of the New England coast watched and waited for the return of their sailor husbands, duplicated along village streets in the Middle West.

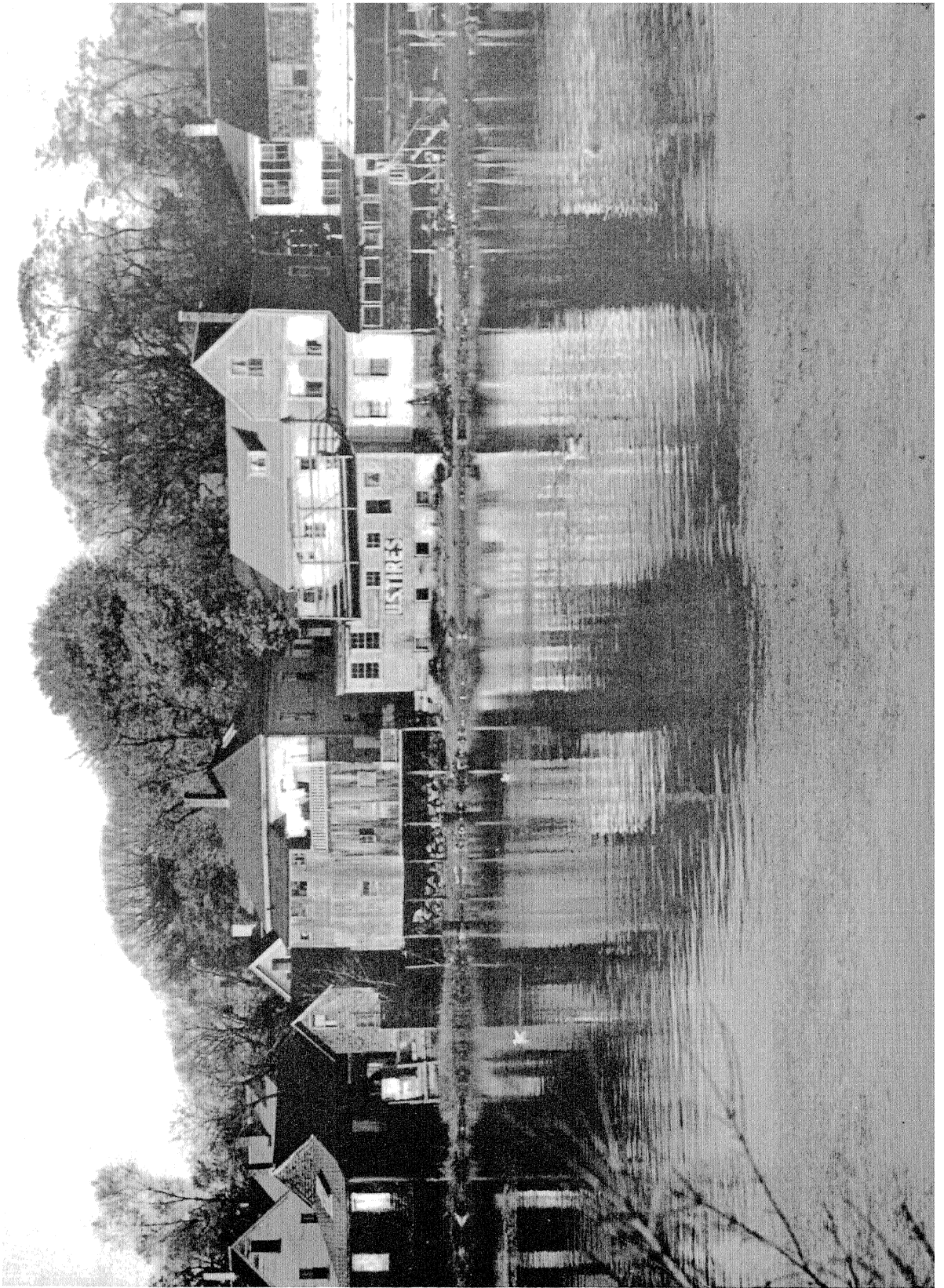


MILL POND AND NORTH STREET

In the fifteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, fishing and trading posts had been growing all along the coast, and the whole section around Boston was assured of successful colonization. In those days Bare Cove, which came to be called Hingham, was very near the sea, and here came, between 1633 and 1639, some two hundred brave colonists. It was on the shores of Mill Pond that the founding fathers landed from the open seas, and the first land grants were made along North Street in 1635.

One can imagine with what satisfaction these first-comers looked forward to the new life that would be theirs and how sternly they put aside their natural fears. Boston was "a dozen miles away by water, and half again as far by land. The only pathway" (I quote from "Hingham Old and New" by Mason A. Foley), "except for Indian trail, was the sea whence they had come, which was fringed by dense forest, broken here and there by beaver meadow, stream, salt marsh, and occasional plains burned over by the meadows."

Not only has the sea departed from Hingham; the Mill Pond and its surroundings have greatly changed. Except for a few of the original houses, North Street is largely made up of small shops, with families living above them. But change is inevitable. Some of them result from changes elsewhere in the world that came rolling up on our Eastern shores. As we turn these pages we will see before us the best of past tradition and how the old ways have adjusted to the changes the years have wrought, both from other parts of the country and from the world as a whole. The differences are forging today's citizens of the United States.



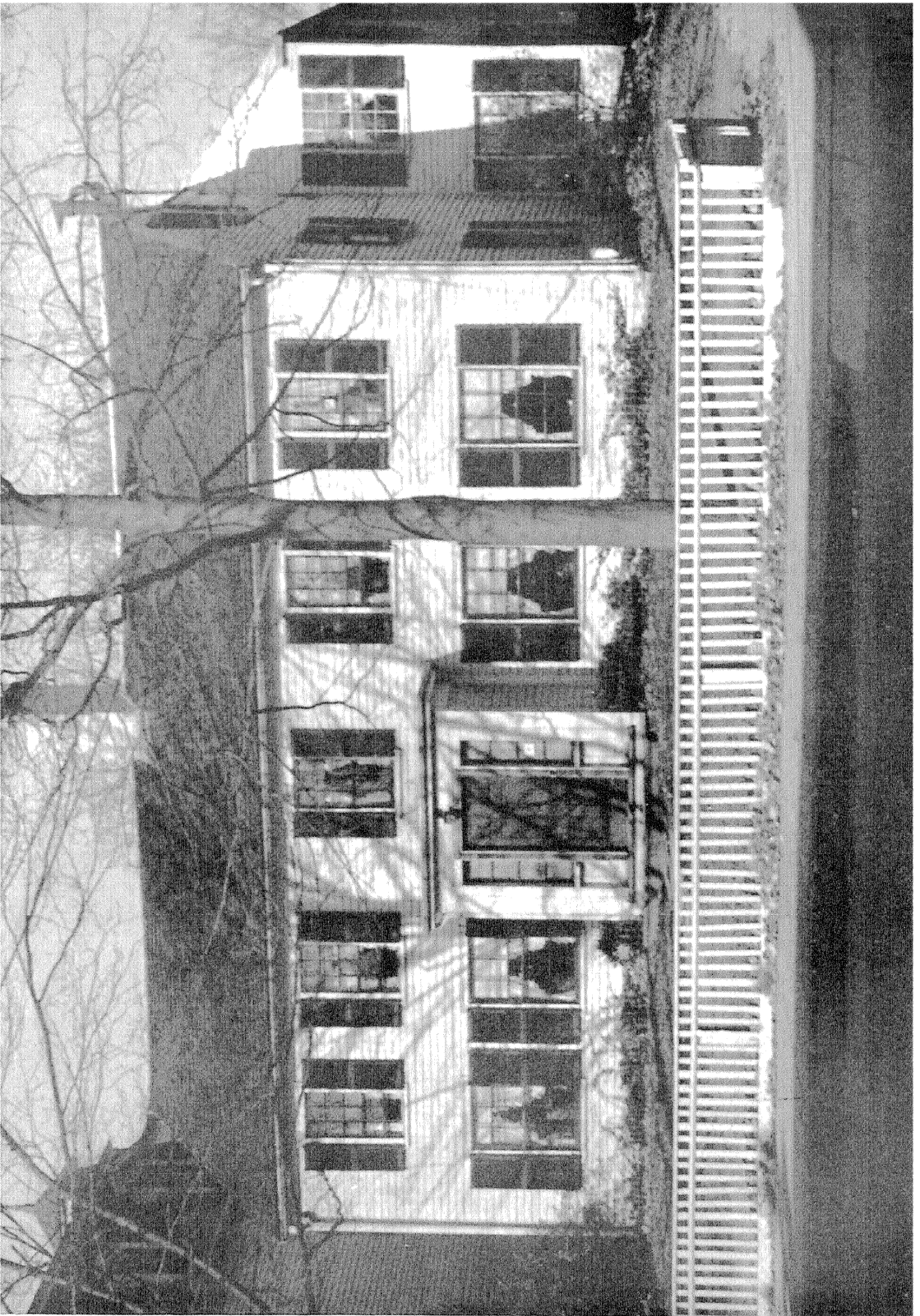
PEREZ LINCOLN HOUSE

The early colonists, to protect themselves from marauding Indians, gathered together in certain houses of each village, the men armed and ready to shoot in defense of their families and homes. Such houses were Garrison Houses, and for many ancient dwellings the distinction of being a garrison house has been claimed, not always with historical accuracy. The Lincoln house is said to be authentic.

With what elation must those first colonists, fresh from England and from the English system of land tenure, have attended the drawing for house lots in September, 1635! Perez Lincoln was one of those to take title on that day, and in 1638 that forefather of the Great Emancipator built the house in which nine generations of Lincolns were to live.

Here was established another milestone on the road to freedom, the sacred right to private property.

The Lincolns were vigorous and able members of the Hingham community. General Benjamin Lincoln it was who provided the plans that resulted in manoeuvring the British out of Boston Harbor during the Revolution and who, as the trusted friend of Washington, was chosen to receive, at the Yorktown surrender, the sword of General Cornwallis.



THE OLD SHIP CHURCH

Freedom of religion was the first principle of Hingham's founders, and the meeting house was undoubtedly their first public building. Like most New England villages, it was "a town grouped about a church."

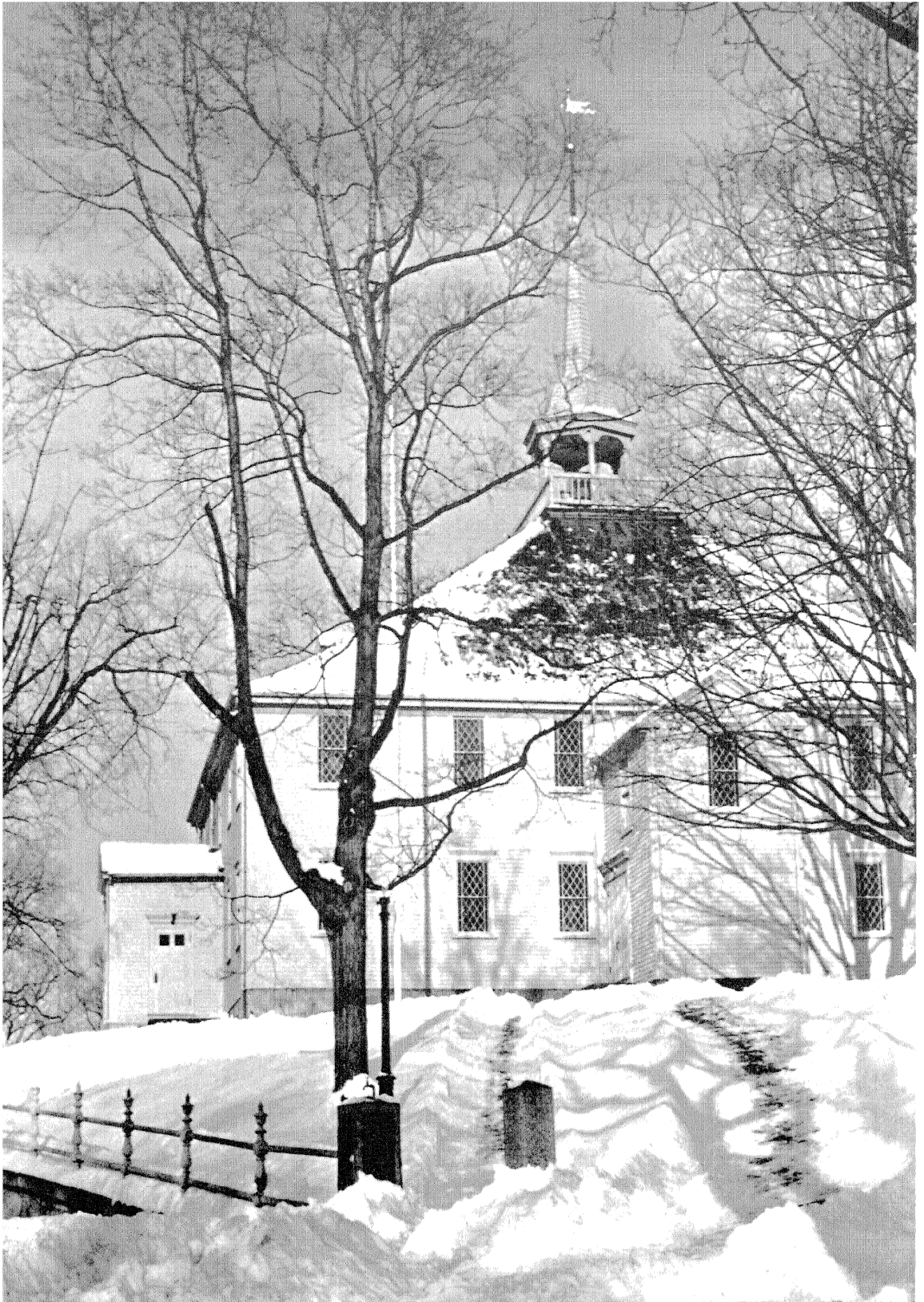
In 1681 the second meeting house of the First Parish was built, by ship's carpenters, according to tradition. The "Old Ship" church, so-called because the ceiling is like the inverted hull of a ship, is now the oldest church structure in the United States that has been in continuous use. It conveys all the simple serenity of Puritan New England.

Through the centuries it has stood, a symbol of man's need for worship and his insistence on the basic right to worship in his own way according to the dictates of his conscience.

I am your church, I stand brooding
On street corners,
And many a hill is speckled
By my spires pointing upward to the sky,
An everlasting challenge to men
To press on to a richer life.
I have come to you through many a generation,
Over many a weary mile.
Along the way men have stumbled,
And I held a candle aloft. . . .

Because I was your church
And you need me,
The hardships of a pioneer wilderness
Could not bury me.
I have lived on and on
Offering comfort to the weary,
Hope to the fainting,
Light to the stumbling feet. . . .

—Don West, "I Am Your Church"
from *The Pilgrim Highway*.



SEXTON OF THE OLD SHIP CHURCH

For over two hundred and sixty years the bell of the Old Ship Church has rung for Sunday Meetings, for weddings, for funerals, for a call to arms during the Revolution, and in 1918 for the end of the World War. May it peal out soon again for a world at peace!

The old church was once used for all town meetings and other gatherings of the villagers. There was need often to discuss ways and means of preventing raids by the Indians, and one can imagine the heated sessions that took place within its walls during the years that preceded the War for Independence.



W^{INTER} presents one phase of the town's life, differing somewhat in its activities from the other seasons. We have tried to show, in the sections that follow, the full year in our small town, and to observe its changing face in winter, in spring, in summer, and in autumn.

THE HOMES WE LIVE IN

During its long history of over three hundred years Hingham has run the gamut of architectural styles, and the impress of all the periods and of changing taste is clearly apparent among the 2,700 private dwellings in the town. The old Cape Cod houses, in their simple lines, remind us of the dignity and frugality of the early settlers, while the ample dimensions, the towering cupola, and the decorative features of the Mid-Victorian houses reflect the comfort and prosperity of the late nineteenth century. But every house, however unassuming, however pretentious, is an illustration of the American principle that it is each man's right to own his own home.



THE AMERICAN FAMILY

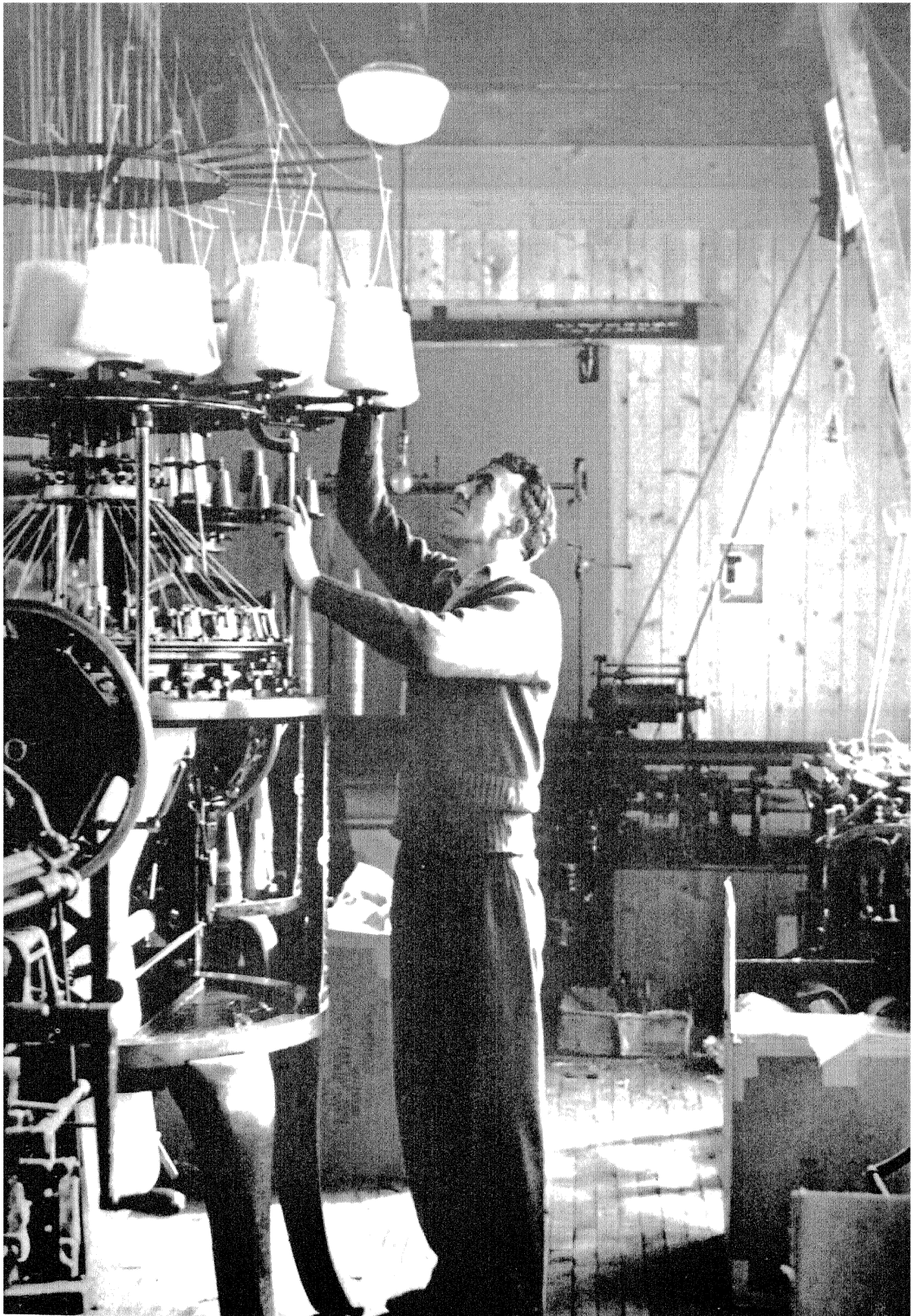
The typical American family can be found in every American town, on every American street. Similar family groups could be found in countries throughout the world, but with one important difference. There is freedom here, even in the family relationship, and freedom is the fruit of a democracy. We believe that you must begin with the child to build up a sense of the importance of the human personality and the right to growth as an individual. Personal freedom leads into the greater freedom of democratic living, and it is here in the family that the understanding of self-discipline and consideration for others must be fostered. This understanding is the basis of the ability to live under a democratic form of government.

In Germany today the family unit is unimportant, and discipline, instead of stemming from the individual, is imposed from without. A few months ago a Bavarian mother came to this country to be with her eldest son, a recent graduate of an American university and an American citizen. She had left behind her husband and her younger son, both in a German prison, and a young daughter, dedicated to Hitler through her membership in the League of German Girls, soon to become a mother. The mother's first Sunday in America was spent in a small New England town. She marvelled at the happy family life with which she found herself surrounded. After the Sunday dinner the young people went their various ways and returned with many friends for an evening supper. The vision of a happy free America convinced her that the tyranny from which she had escaped could not endure against the strength of our democracy.



THE PEOPLE WORK IN THE MILLS

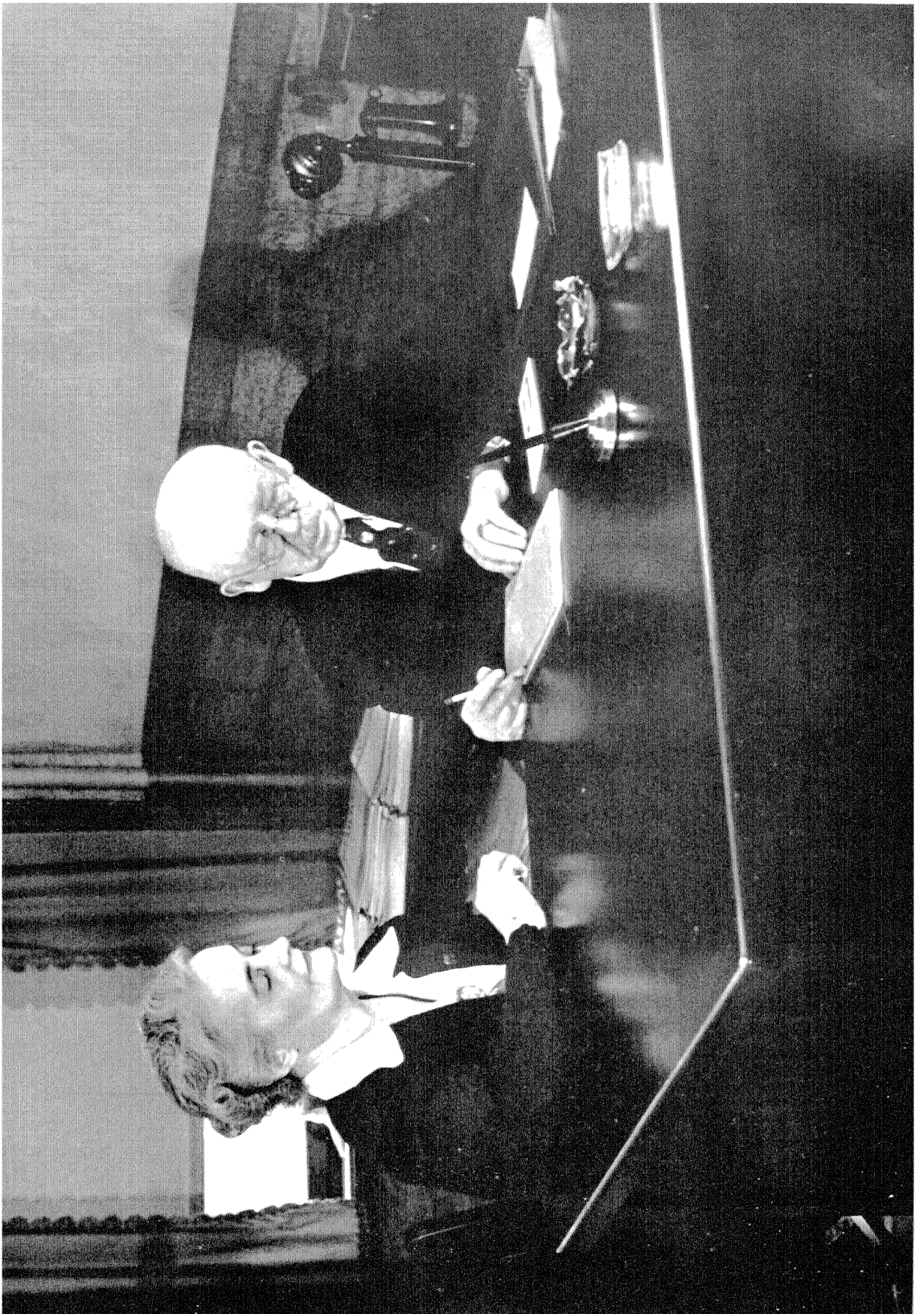
Hingham people, like all Americans, exercise their right to work each in his own way. This is one of our coveted freedoms, to choose the type of work that we will do and how we will do it. Of course, we are still groping for the ultimate freedom which will insure to everyone who wishes to work the chance to earn a decent living. The labor unions, through their demands for better working conditions, better wages, and shorter hours, and the Government, through the recognition of the rights of labor, have gradually assured to all of our working people a degree of freedom that is higher here than in any other country in the world.



THEY WORK IN BANKS

The capitalistic system exists through the various checks and balances whereby a maximum of freedom is assured for all the people of the country. The head of a trust company, operating under the laws which insure not only the protection of his own interests but also the interests of all the people dealing with him, can be of great service to his community. By reason of experience, he can advise about all sorts of business that will enhance the prosperity of the town and, through a wise loan policy, make possible promising business ventures that require financial assistance.

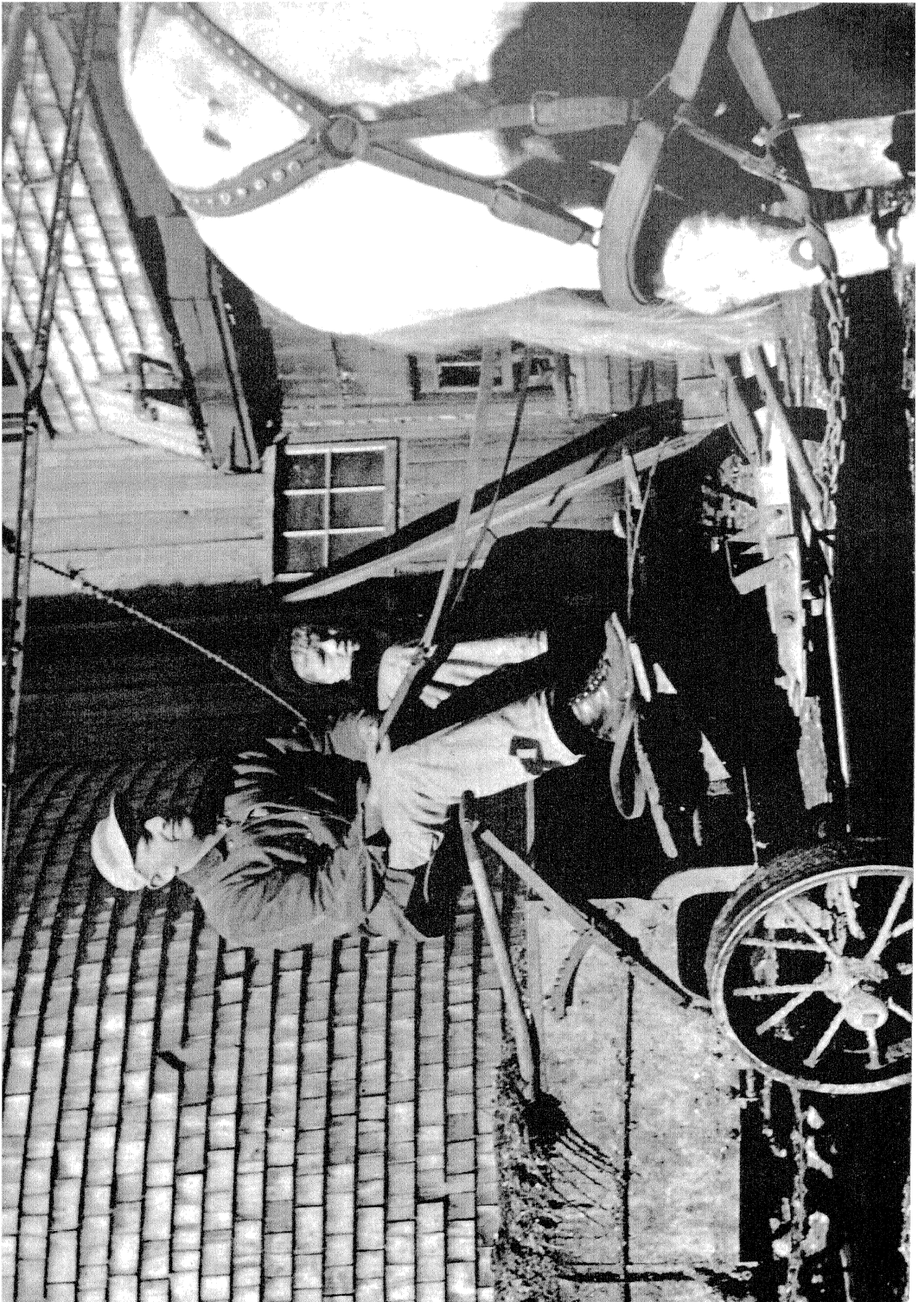
Though there have been abuses that challenged its efficiency, and it has been in some ways greatly modified, the capitalistic system, and the free enterprise it implies, works more to the benefit of all than any other system yet devised.



THEY WORK ON FARMS

Every town is made up of many nationalities. Mr. Hornstra, who was born in Holland, owns a dairy farm. His American-born nephew sits beside him. The country from which he came is under the conqueror's heel. He is a prosperous farmer here, but more conscious perhaps than many a native American farmer of the value of the freedom for which we are now fighting.

As the city has spread out nearer and nearer to Hingham and it has become more and more tied into the industrial web of modern New England, the number of farms has decreased. There are some fifty farms in Hingham, but only fifteen or so are self-supporting.



THEY ATTEND SOCIAL EVENINGS

The Grange supper epitomizes the democracy of the nation. Rich farmer, poor farmer, and farm hand who is trying to earn enough to buy his first piece of land, all the elements that come together to make up a rural community, are gathered around this table. The farmers' wives join them in the pleasant and wholesome evening together and have prepared the good food so generously supplied. A sense of solidarity and of mutual helpfulness pervades the occasion. Could the Grange supper happen anywhere but in America?



CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL

Free education was one of the tenets of the early settlers of New England, and thereby they laid the strongest cornerstone for the edifice of democracy. But the schools of today have come a great distance from the small, ill-lighted, badly ventilated one-story structures that were the rule rather than the exception until well into the nineteenth century. The students are no longer exposed to the iron discipline of the old-fashioned schoolmaster; in well-lighted, cheerful, comfortably arranged school rooms they learn under pleasant conditions—and sing the songs of free children.

As we gradually wipe out illiteracy, we improve our future government and build for a better nation.

There are 1400 pupils in Hingham public schools, which consist of a high school, one junior high school, and five grammar schools. Derby Academy is the only private school. Founded in 1784 and incorporated as an Academy in 1797, it is the oldest private school in the United States to admit boys and girls on an equal footing.

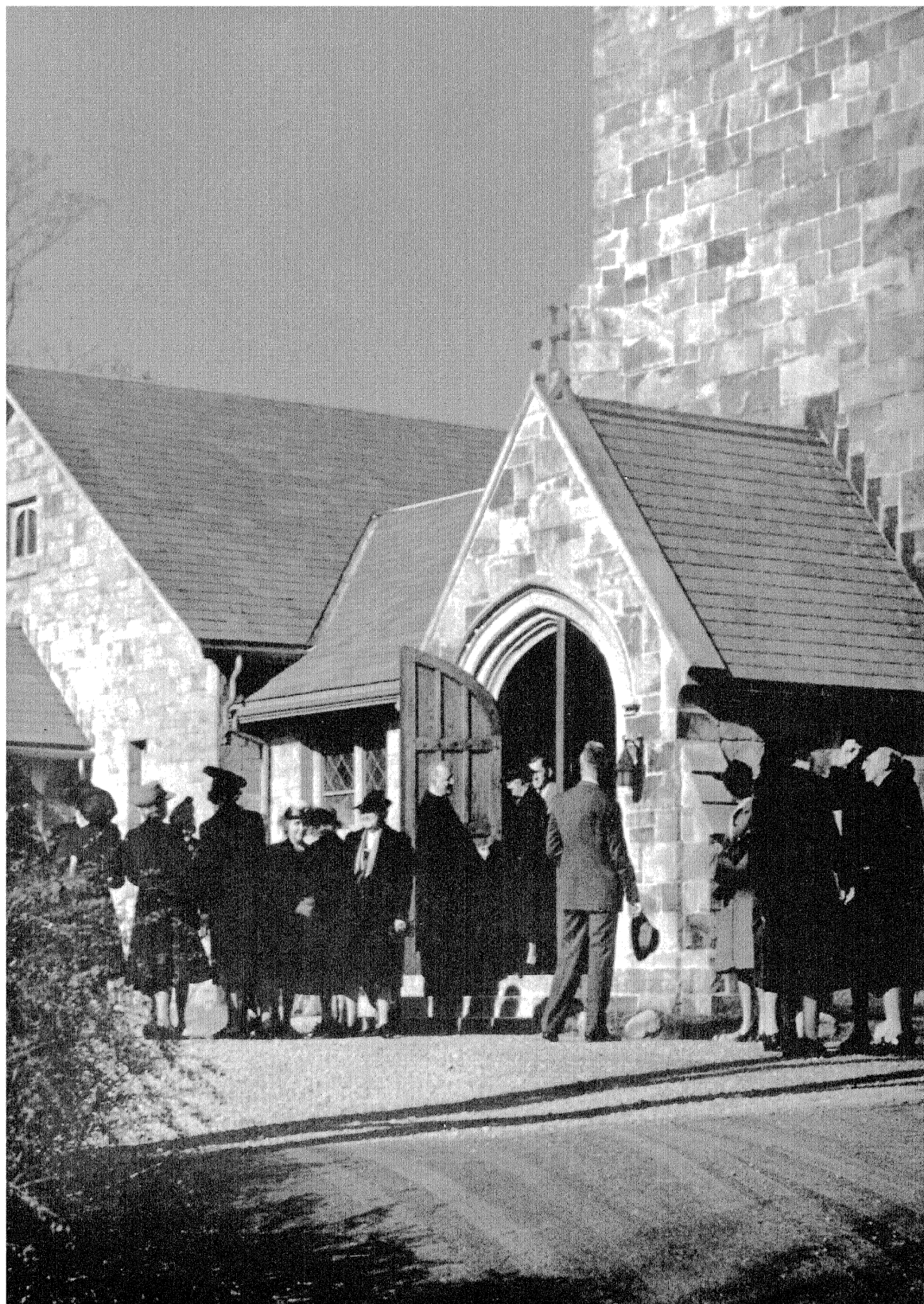


THEY GO TO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Since the founding of the first parish in Hingham, many churches of widely different faiths have flourished in the town. Today seven denominations are represented, and there are ten church buildings. The Episcopal church was built in 1920.

Americans are firm in exercising their hard-won freedom to worship as they please. Throughout the communities of the nation are many varieties of dogma; nowhere is the American demand for individual freedom of action more strikingly demonstrated.

It is the obligation of the church in each community to send out greater inspiration, to sustain the faith of the people, and to point the way to a higher sense of responsibility, each to the other.



THEY ARE FREE TO LEARN

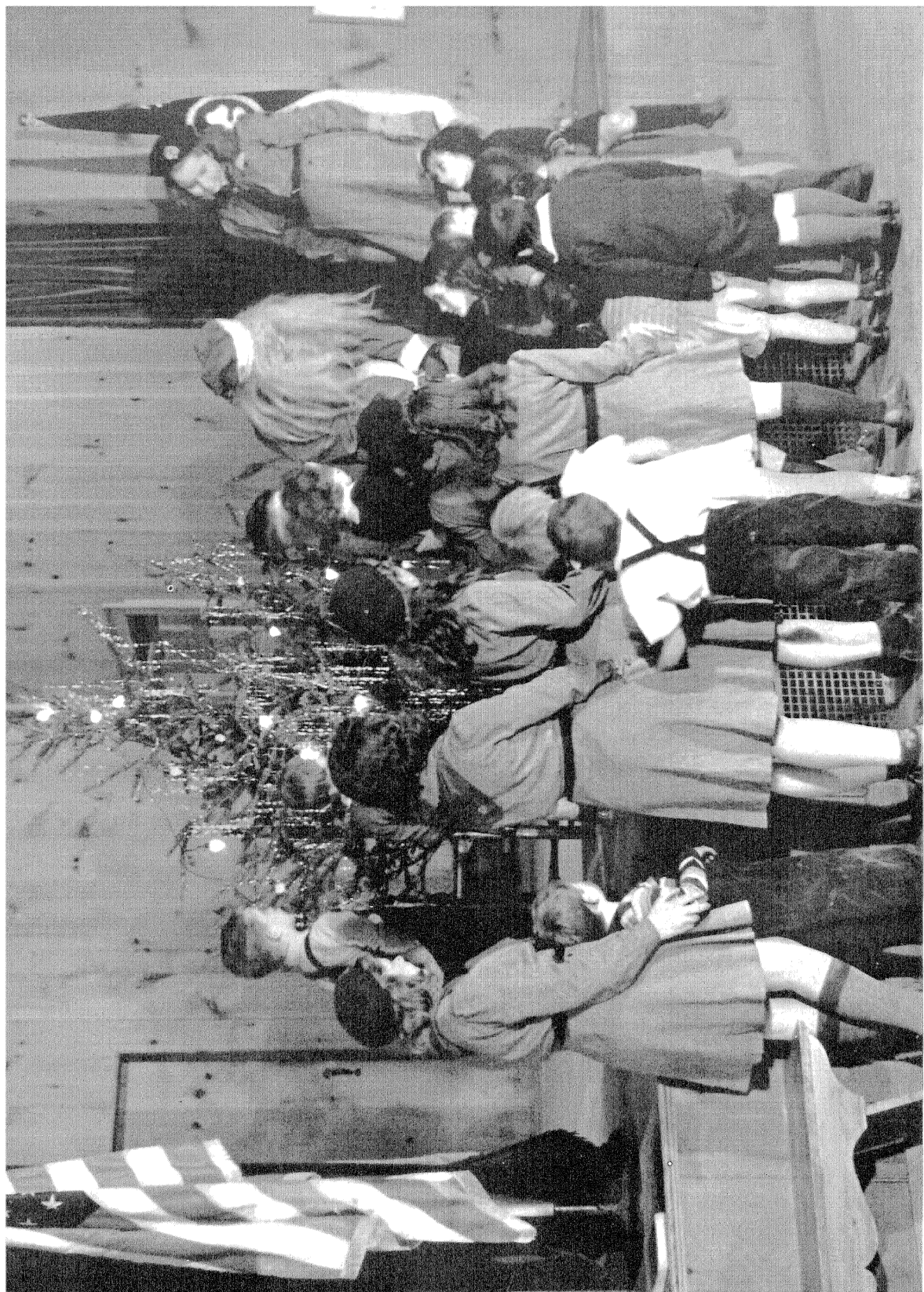
The enemies of democracy would destroy the integrity of words; they scatter their propaganda to spread wild confusion. The library, which makes available the good books of both the past and the present, is one of our bulwarks in holding fast to straight thinking and a true understanding of the lessons books can teach us.

In many towns and cities in this country we find Carnegie libraries—gifts resulting from an endowment created by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. In other communities the libraries are built by the town, or by individuals, or are a part of the schools. Wherever they are and however they came into being, they serve the whole community. As soon as children learn to read, they can find books suitable to their age; and one can be old and gray-haired and still find an interest in the local library. In Hingham, during the year 1940, there were 3800 borrowers who made use of the library's 28,000 volumes.



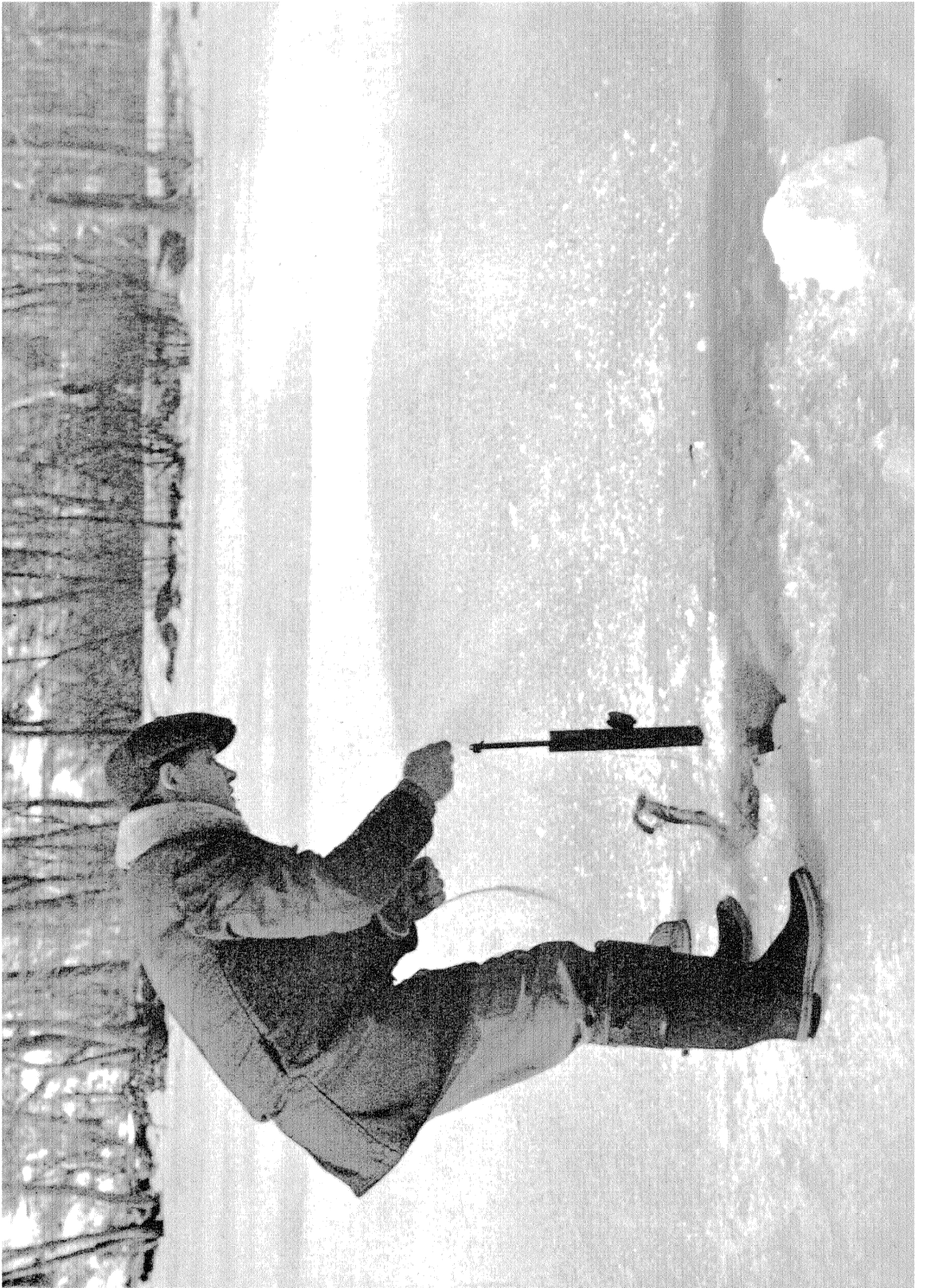
THE GIRL SCOUTS GIVE A CHRISTMAS PARTY

Organizations of girls and boys both are part of every typical American town. It is good that they should often, in a spirit of brotherly love, spend their time and energies in making others happy. A Christmas party for very young children from less fortunate homes is an admirable idea, with a Santa Claus and an American flag standing by the Christmas tree—and the happy memory of bright-eyed youngsters flushed with the excitement of the party. One can imagine the joy that came with the gifts, the songs they sang, the games they played. The spirit of friendliness is one of the finest fragrances of the democratic way.



THE MEN GO ICE-FISHING

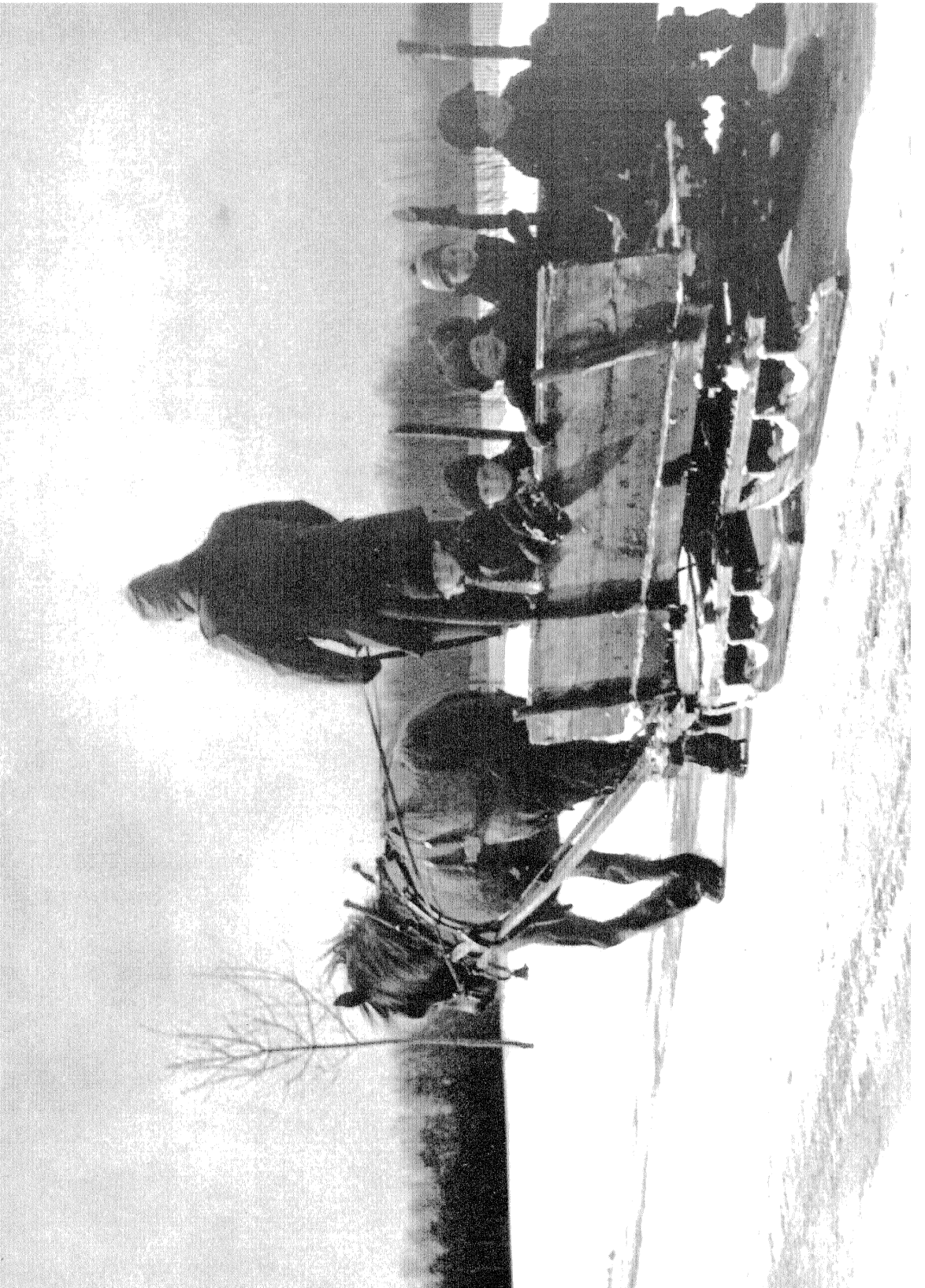
In America the right to leisure time for relaxation and sport belongs to every man, and winter sports have enthusiastic devotees. In the past decade skiing has had a great jump in popularity, and skating, coasting, and bob-sledding still have their old appeal. The men of Hingham like to go ice-fishing. It is an old sport. In the early days it was no sport at all, but a matter of grim necessity.



THE CHILDREN GO PUNG-RIDING

In some parts of the country the word “pung” is unknown, but “pung-riding” it is in Hingham, and so it shall be here. Whatever the name, the sport has been the children’s delight for many generations. Winter is a time of wild excitement for the youngsters, what with skating, skiing, coasting, tobogganning, bob-sledding, and snow battles. And no one who has experienced winter sleigh rides, popular and familiar as they are in every northern rural community, will forget the thrill they gave; these are things the children will remember and talk about when they are old. The cold, crisp air, the party bundled up and huddled in the hay, deep and sweet-smelling in the bottom of the sleigh, and fresh young voices singing. I think there are no American children who can not sing:

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh.



SPRING arrives in Hingham; the land, after the long winter, comes into its own again; and, as Emerson says, in "Threnody,"

*The South-wind brings
Life, sunshine and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire.*

SPRING PLOWING

On the outskirts of town, the farms go into action, the earth is turned, and the farmer and his team labor up and down the long furrows. This annual renewal of faith in the fecundity of the land is one of the most heartening of all the year's events. The rich black fields and the fresh green of the spring pastures combine to make an enchanting checkerboard. The trees put on their buds again—yellowish green for the willows, gray-green for the ash, scarlet for the maples—and then miraculously are in full leaf. Once spring is started, it comes with a headlong rush that is almost breath-taking.



POLISH-AMERICAN

Joe is a handy man on a Hingham farm. He came from Poland as an immigrant. On this American farm he is doing work that he might well have gone on doing in Poland. But how different is his condition today from what it would have been! Our country has given him, as it has given millions of others, the chance for a better life.

Thirty-eight million immigrants have swarmed to our shores in the last hundred years. They came from over fifty different foreign nations; they spoke hundreds of foreign dialects; they worshipped in a dozen different ways. They were escaping from oppression, from massacres and pogroms, from life in the ghettos, from enforced military service, from economical or personal difficulties too heavy to be borne. And the Statue of Liberty welcomed them with these words:

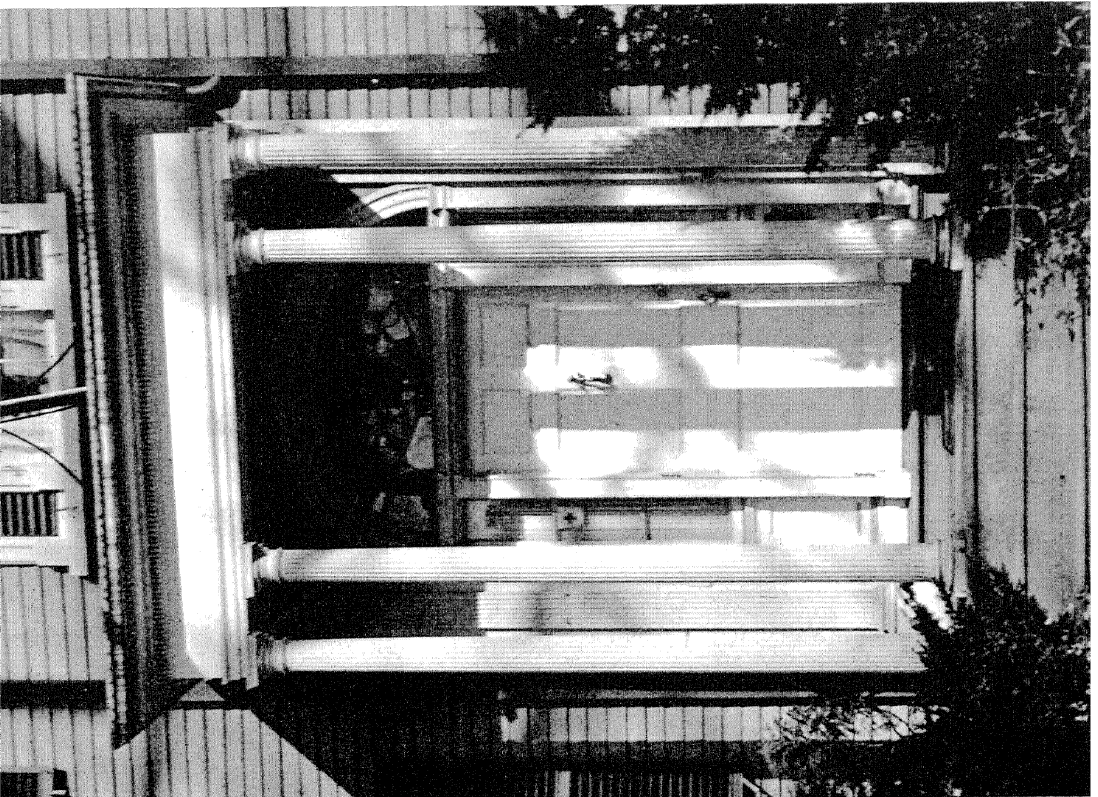
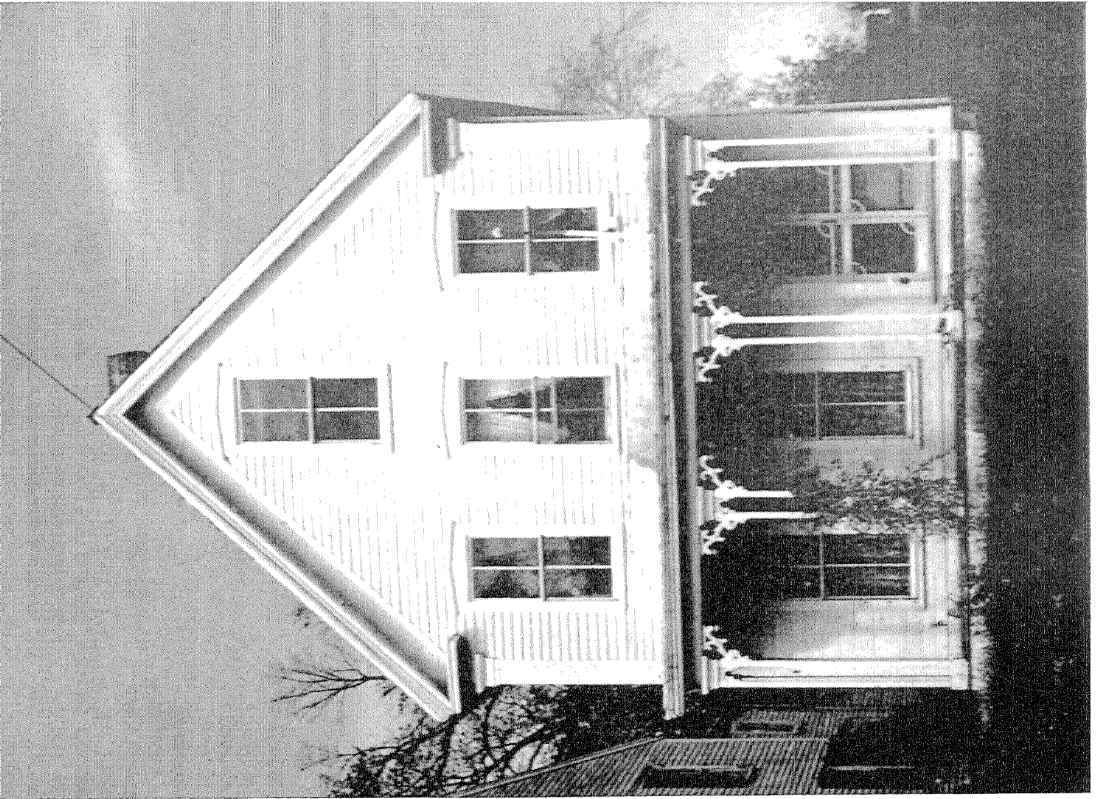
Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tossed to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.



THE HOMES WE LIVE IN

Like all towns that have grown up through many generations, Hingham has houses of each period, representing not only changing tastes and architectural styles but also every degree of economic status. There are stately homes that date back to the colonial period and to that flowering of architectural design in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Other houses, simpler in design, less pretentious, hold some hint of the time they were built, in a bit of detail over the windows or the naïve use of the jigsaw to produce a touch of "carpenter-Gothic."

These variations give a sense of time and of perspective. Here live the people of a free country, side by side, in houses of their own choosing; and here they have lived, through the generations, in amity and good will, proud in their self-reliance, tolerant of each other, individuals always.



MEN WORK IN THE GAS STATIONS

The job which people perform in a town of this kind may not be in any way the gauge of their importance in the community. Just as it should be in every part of the country, here the quality of work and the quality of character are more important than the income derived from the work. A man or woman can run the corner grocery or the gas station and still be the supervisor of the town or the head of the volunteer fire department and the most influential person in the community. This is democracy working; its essence lies in such commonplace duties of everyday life.



THEY SHOP ON MAIN STREET

The shops on a busy day are a kind of community get-together. Everybody must get in supplies of food, and the common necessity brings out all the housewives on an equal footing. There is a pleasant neighborliness about the chance meetings that occur, everyone intent on the job to be done, and no one entirely without anticipation of the good food that will arrive on the dining-room tables later.

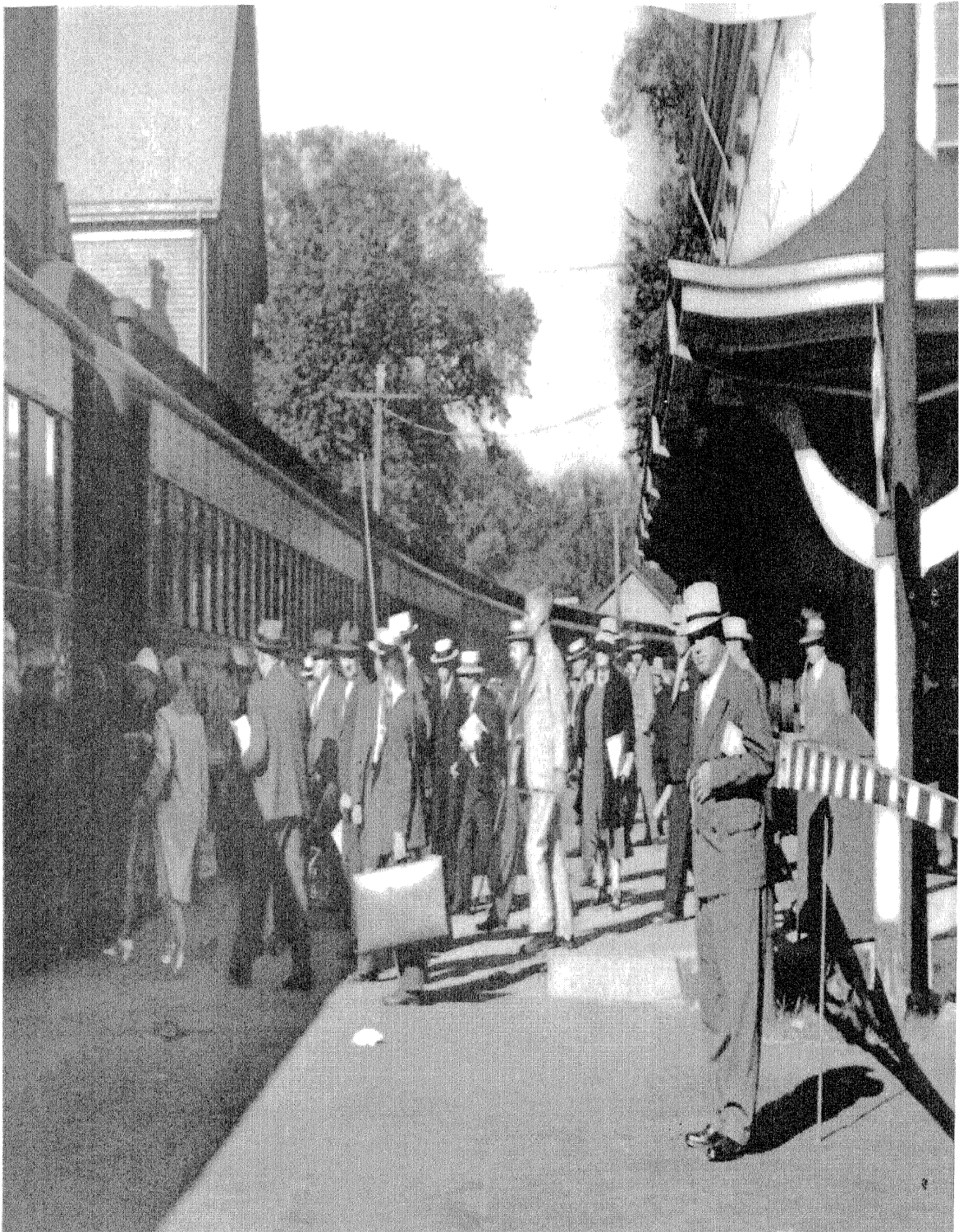
It brings a pang to realize in how many countries of the world today there are no groaning shelves in grocery stores, but long lines of haggard people waiting for their meager portions of what little food is available.



THE PEOPLE COMMUTE TO THE CITY

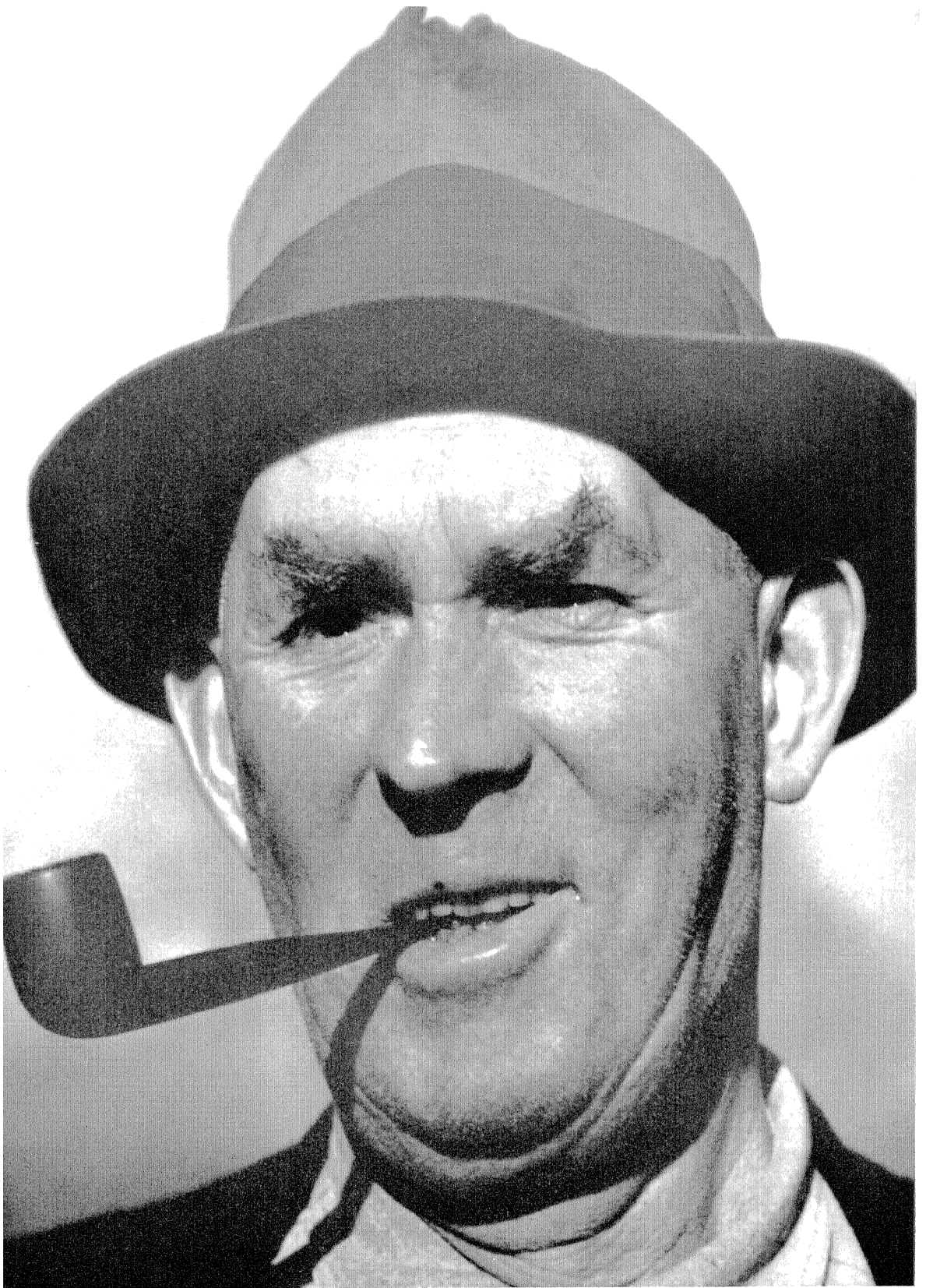
One characteristic of our modern small towns is that so many people nowadays work in the bigger cities but, preferring to live in a small town, must go back and forth each day. Morning and evening you can see, streaming from the trains, those commuters who toil perhaps in great office buildings or in the larger factories in a big city and who return to the peace and quiet of a house and garden for their real happiness.

Most of the men in Hingham work in Boston, for this century saw the last of the town's commercial life. No more were there busy coopers and ironmongers and sea captains; the town increased in population, but through the addition of families who made their living elsewhere. For transportation has changed the face of the country; the Indian trails over which the early settler would have had to toil to go to Boston by land have been replaced by trains that make the trip in a matter of minutes.



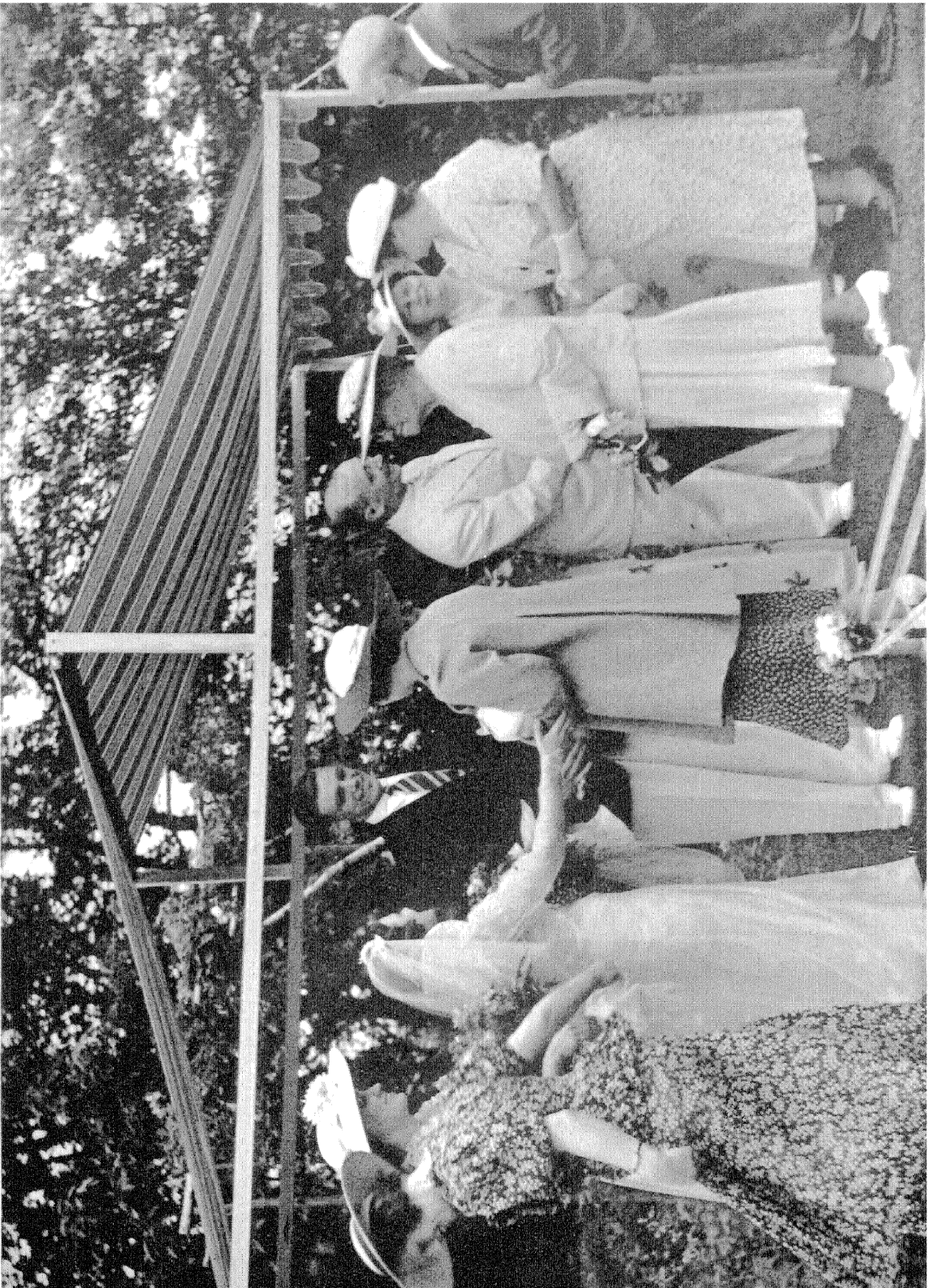
IRISH-AMERICAN

In the town are many nationalities, but as in most of New England no other foreign strain has so left its mark as has the Irish. There were many Americans of Irish blood before the Revolution, but the great flood of immigration was in the nineteenth century. They have become a valuable part of the national life; their political genius has won them important places in city, state, and national government; and their gift for humor has added an incalculable ingredient in the character of their adopted nation. It would be interesting to analyze the effect of so strong a national quality as we recognize in the Irish. Certain it is that, as the generations go on, the influence must be apparent, in every small town, of the many nationalities that have gathered together, giving our people more vitality and a thousand different traits of mind and character.



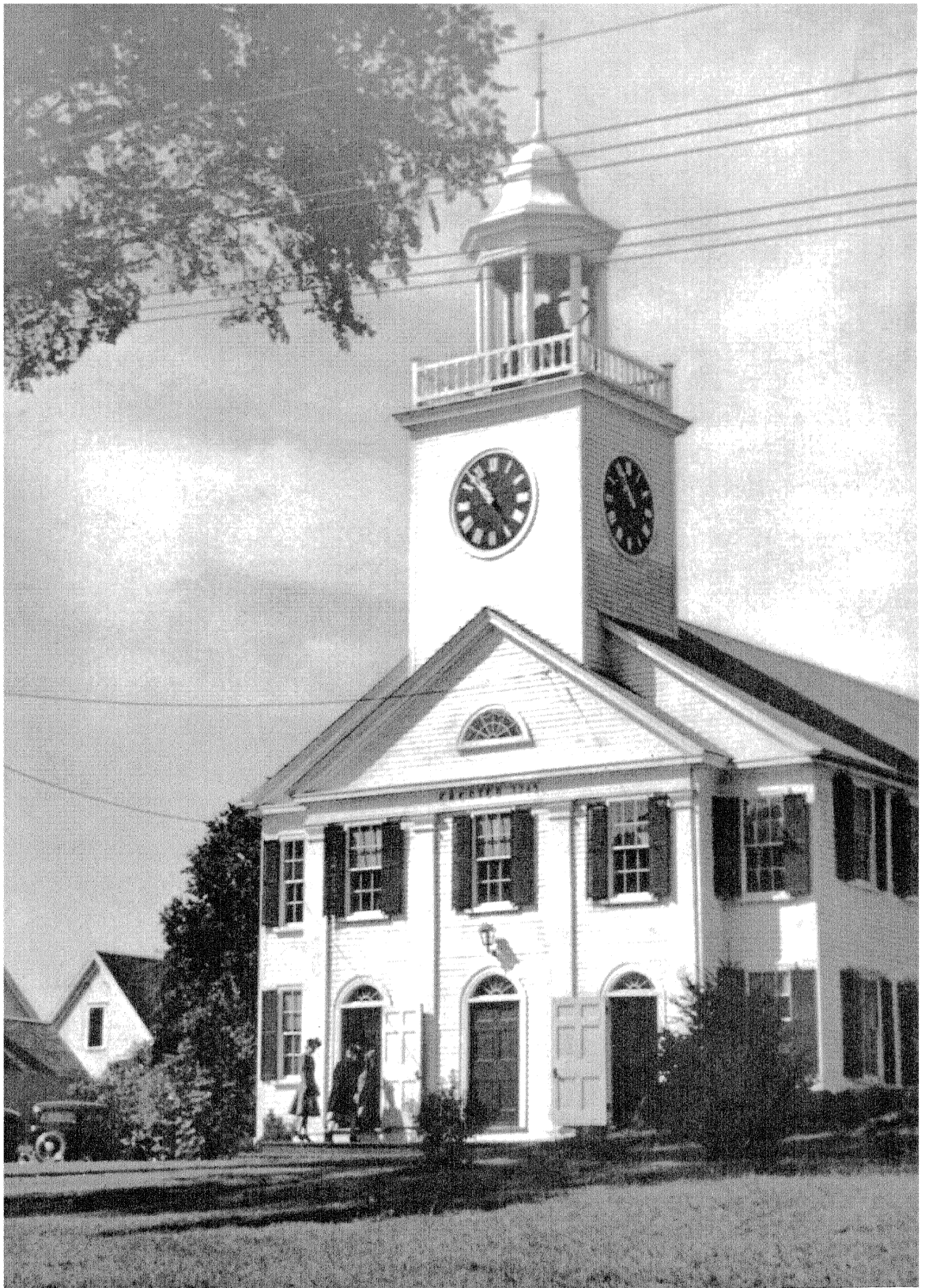
THEY GET MARRIED

Life goes on, one generation succeeded by the next. The town changes; some of the old families die out; new ones arrive; new combinations make a new foundation for the years to come. So it is everywhere, and in Hingham the kindly festivities that mark the occasion of a wedding are representative of the nation's tribute to those who are embarking on a new life.



THEY ATTEND THE SECOND PARISH CHURCH

The Second Parish Church was built just two hundred years ago, in 1742. It is now Unitarian, and so is its parent, the Old Slip Church, though they were both originally Congregational. The Congregational churches of New England were the birthplace of American Unitarianism. Though it traces its origin to the Protestant Reformation, Unitarianism began to take root in England only in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and it was not until the late eighteenth century that it made its way to America and not until after 1800 that it came to fruition. Congregationalists of the liberal group gradually came to be known, by their opponents chiefly, as Unitarians. American Unitarianism has much in common with the liberal political principles of the government itself, for the chief characteristic of the Church is tolerance of differing religious opinions. And it has guarded carefully the individual liberty of congregations, each controlling its own affairs and joining larger associations only for fellowship and counsel.



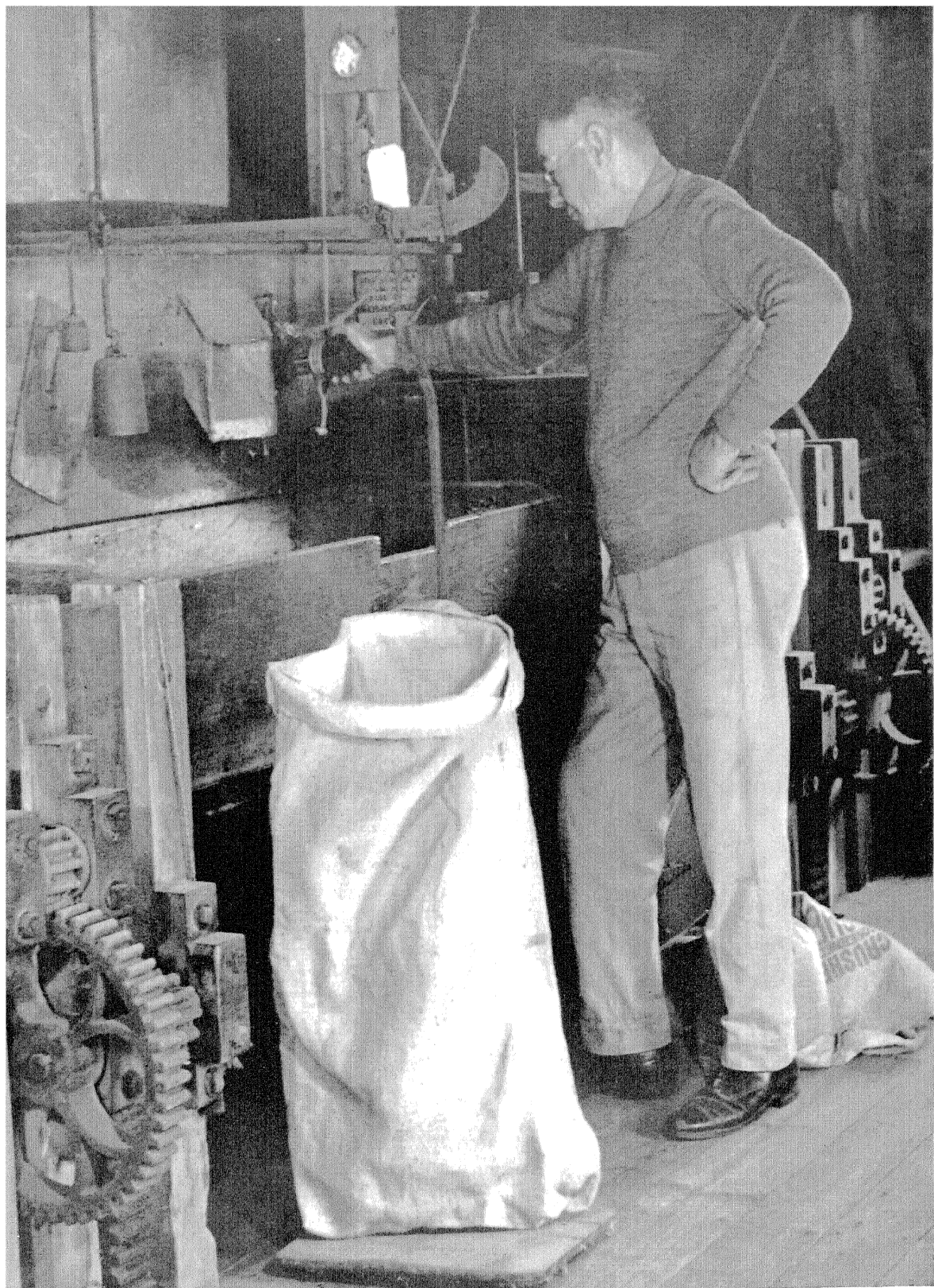
THE OLD MAKES WAY FOR THE NEW

When the settlers came to New England they learned about Indian corn and about the curious plan for fertilizing that the Indians followed—"three herrings to each hill." This was the chief indigenous plant, but once the colonists had conquered the stubborn land, they brought in the grains of Europe, as well as the vegetables to which they were accustomed.

But grain must be ground, and in 1643 a mill was erected. It is today the oldest mill in the country that has operated continuously on the same site. Though it was indispensable when it first came into being, times have greatly changed, in every country as well as our own, and there is little need for the grain mill, which is now used chiefly for selling paints and feed and grain.

The machinery of the old mill, once a hive of activity, is now collecting cobwebs. But so it is with all things; the old makes way for the new. So it has been with other small Hingham industries, even some that were very flourishing a century ago. There were sixty-five fishing boats going out from Hingham in 1830; in 1831 over 55,000 barrels of mackerel were landed there. There was a salt works, a cordage company, a big business in coopering; there were several shipyards and mills and foundries, factories and shops. All these are now but memories.

Richard Henry Stoddard was a Hingham lad, and in his old age he wrote that he sometimes dreamed back to "a grist mill, from which I often fancied I saw little drifts of flour floating out on the wind. And I remember the little cove through which the tide rushed to and fro twice a day. I think pond lilies grew in the marshes near its banks."



THEY GO TO TOWN MEETING

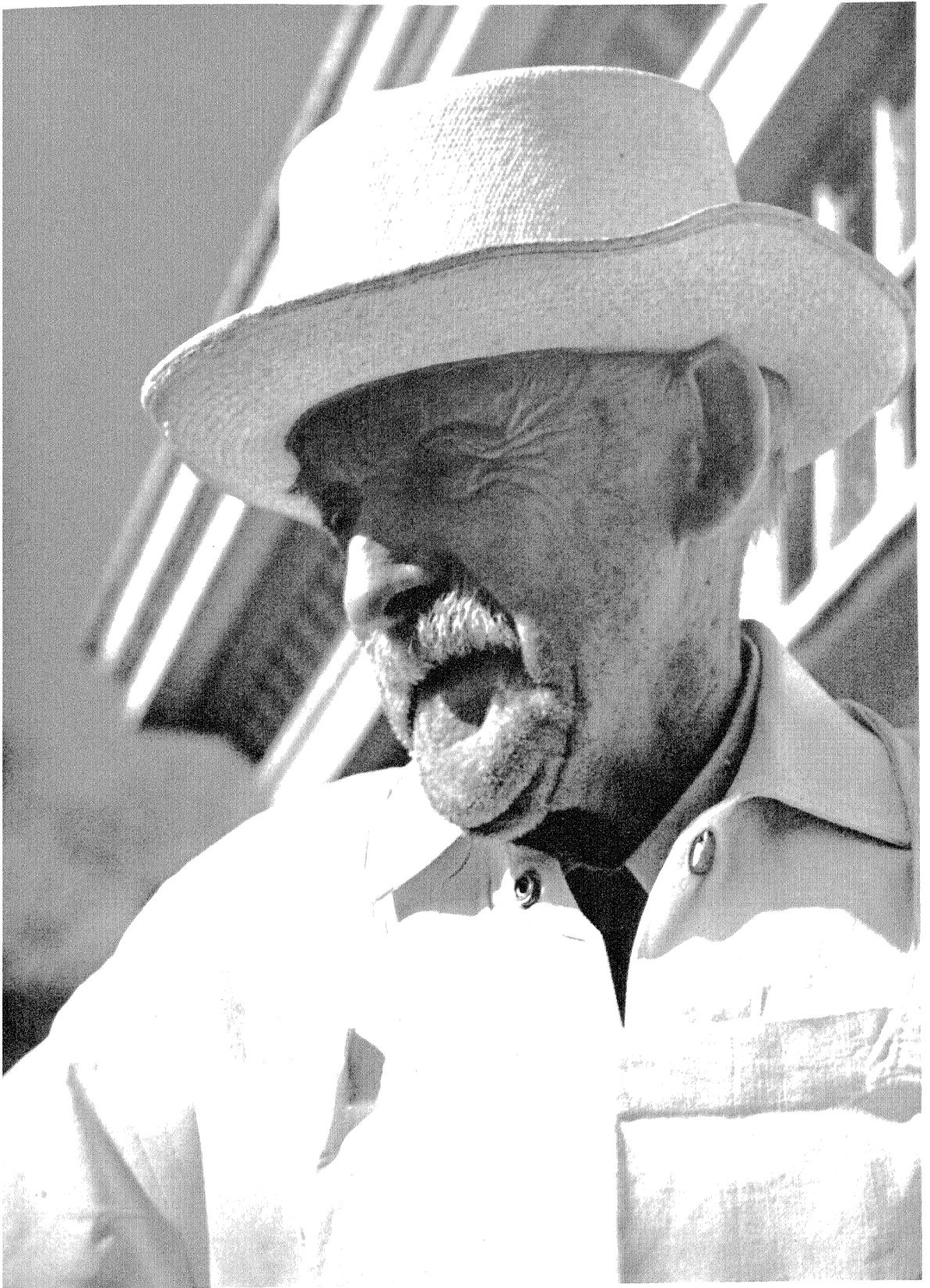
It is said that at one time the average Hingham voter at a town meeting could trace his ancestry back farther than the average member of the House of Lords. The statement is no longer true, if it ever was; but at least the town meeting, that fine tradition of American democracy, goes on undiminished. Not in all parts of the country does the town meeting still function; but every town in New England holds to it religiously. Every citizen has a right to speak his mind, and in New England there is usually no dearth of townspeople ready to express themselves. It is a healthy thing that such free discussion by fellow citizens should exist. Political interest in this country seemed to be on the wane a generation ago, perhaps because of the decline of "the cracker barrel" in country stores; but in recent years the interest seems to have revived, and frank expression of opinion and conviction is much more general today.

Sometimes town meetings develop into hot controversies; everybody lets off steam and has his say. But then the vote is taken, and the majority prevails, in the good American way.



AMOS HUMPHREY, GROCER

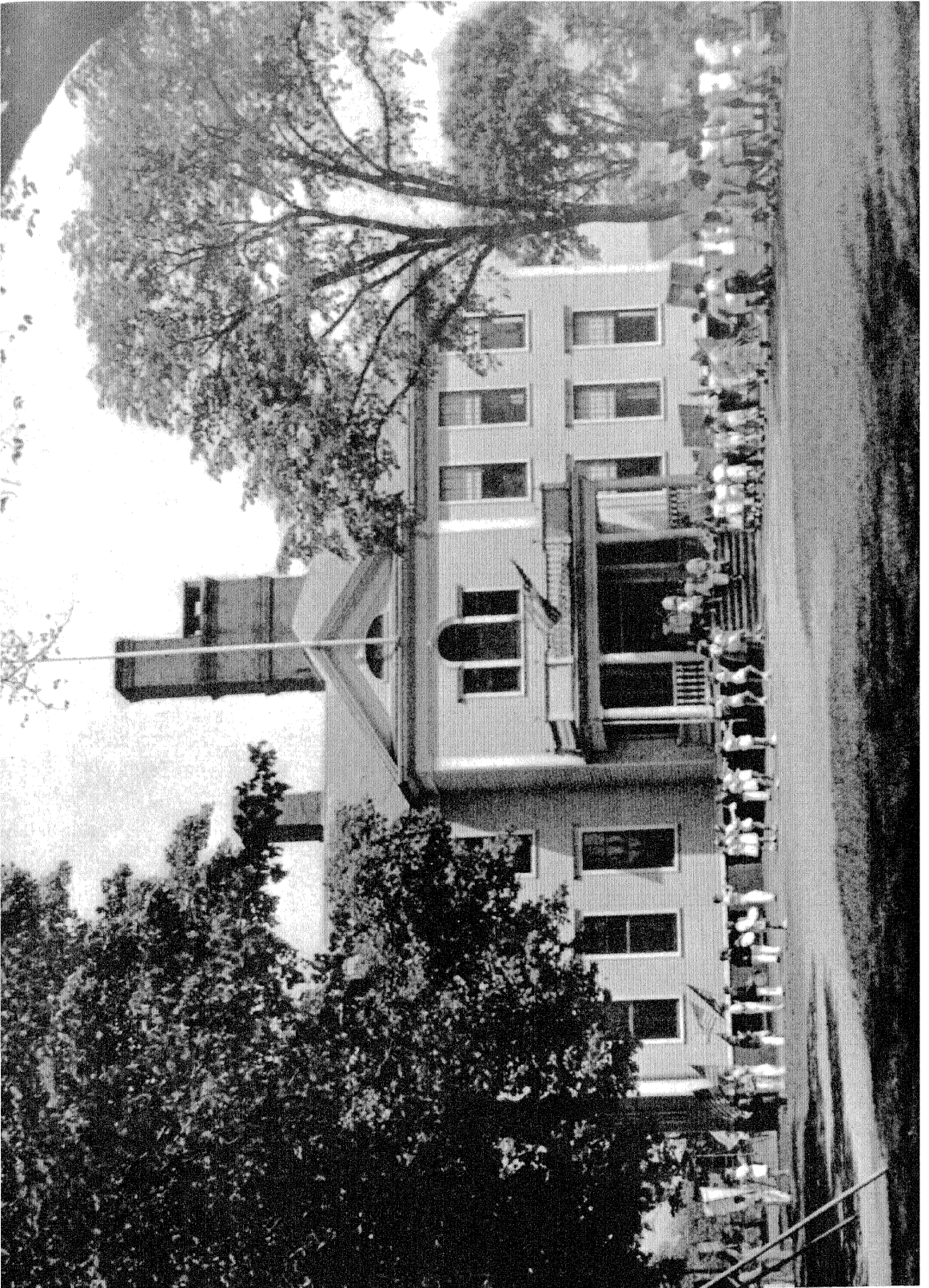
In a democracy, the grocer may well be one of the town's most articulate residents. Always the champion of the underdog, Amos Humphrey, proprietor of Hingham's oldest grocery store, was among those who speak their minds in town meeting. Until his recent death, he was not only greatly loved and respected but was always an active citizen, who took seriously his responsibilities as a member of the town community.



THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

Summer has not arrived officially, at least in the minds of the pupils, until the last day of school. Then it really comes, and the long weeks of vacation stretch ahead promising limitless happiness. But the day is important not only for pleasures it implies, but for the ideas that may be implanted. Many thoughts may well be born in the minds of the parents as in the final exercises they listen to children repeating words of wisdom loaded with tradition and to modern ideas which the older children or the speaker bring out, because of their cooperation with the future.

The Center School in Hingham has taught some notable men, among them James Hall, who won his LL.D. from Harvard and became president of the American Society for the Advancement of Science.



YANKEE SCHOOL TEACHER

The teacher in any community exerts a tremendous influence, and it is difficult to assess what effect some casual word of wisdom, some exciting new fact, some hint of a new horizon, may have on the career and character of some pupil who sits before her. Miss Simpson is in that fine tradition.

The school teacher combines the qualities of two of the characters in that truly American poem of Whittier's "Snowbound"—the elder sister, who possessed

A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful, and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice;

and "the brisk wielder of the birch, the master of the district school," for

At his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trained thought and lore of book.



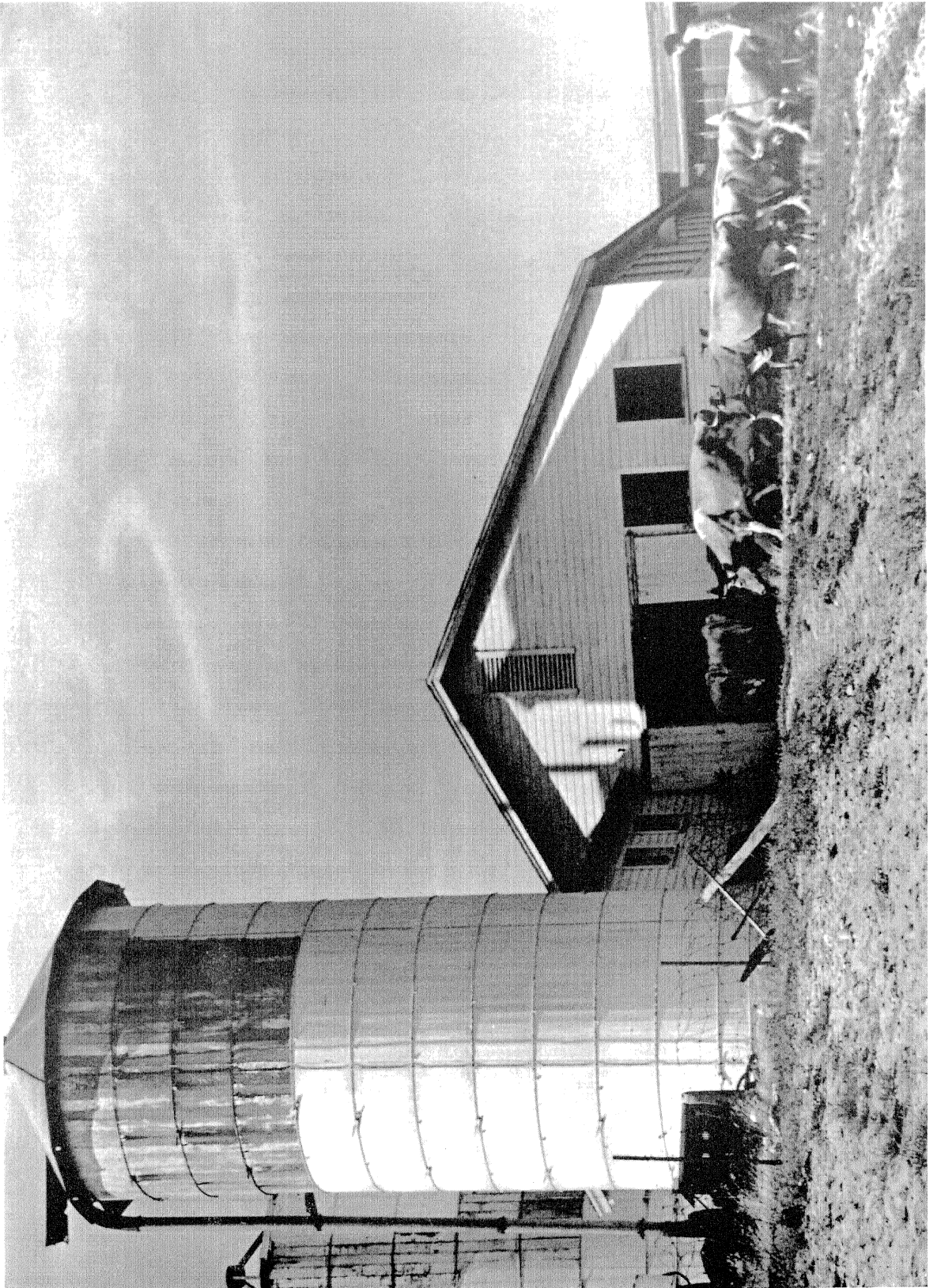
SUMMER COMES and brings with its every breeze some fragrant memory of another time. In commenting on the changing ways, Mr. Mason A. Foley, in the charming little volume, "Hingham Old and New," says: "Though much has been taken, an air of permanence endures. The feel, the smell, and the look of many things remain. There comes a sea turn in the wind on a summer's day; the country ways are sweet with wild grape and ripened berry; and the fox still goes to earth at World's End Farm. To the south are miles of lonely path, where the far-off shriek of the train is only a haunting cry. As one looks north from Prospect Hills, he sees little that man has done to change the gentle hills of Hingham, which, interspersed with golden meadow, are a shimmer of green in the afternoon sunlight."

KRESS'S DAIRY

In the summer the cattle, back in the fields again after their months in the barn, return at evening for the nightly milking. The dairy supplies faithfully one of the town's needs.

This is the season of the year when a true sense of freedom permeates us because we can come so much closer to nature. Even sleeping out under the stars is no hardship. Many a youngster has found the haycock a delightful bed on a summer night.

If tired of trees I seek again mankind
Well I know where to hie me—in the dawn,
To a slope where the cattle keep the lawn.
There amid lolling juniper reclined,
Myself unseen, I see in white defined
Far off the homes of men, and farther still,
The graves of men on an opposing hill,
Living or dead, whichever are to mind.
—Robert Frost, "The Vantage Point"



THE HOMES WE LIVE IN

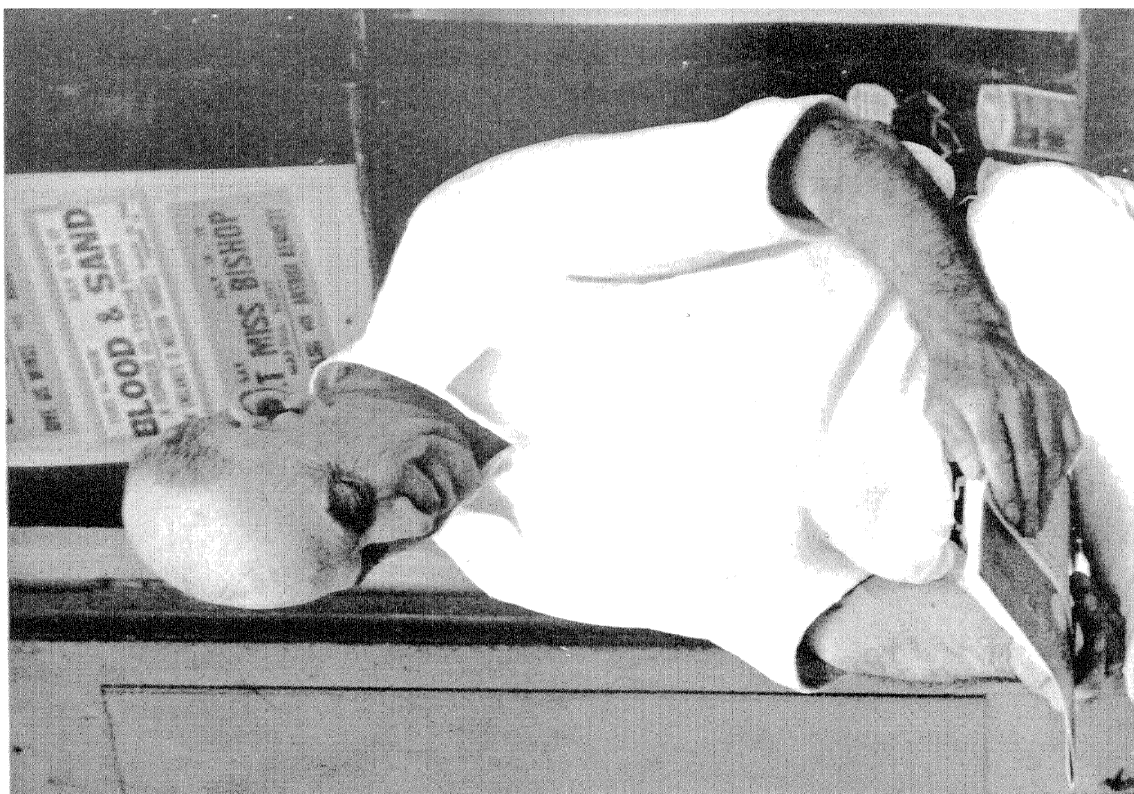
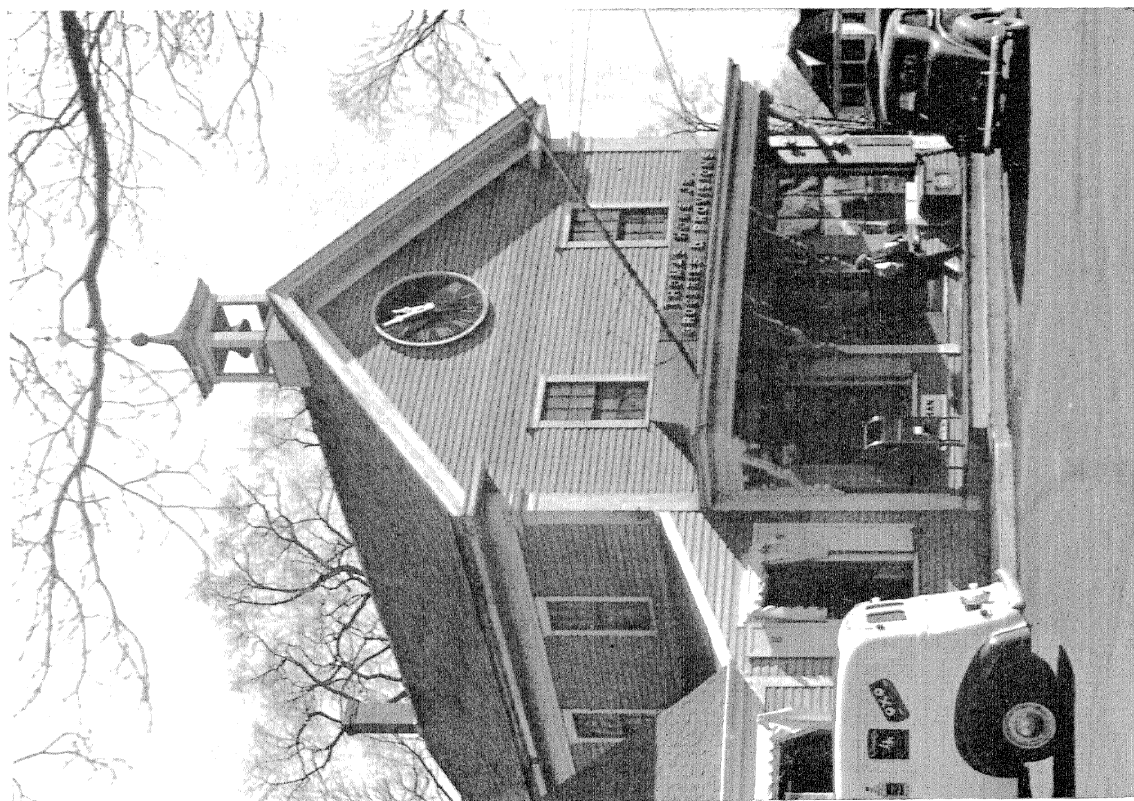
Included in the infinite variety of Hingham houses are substantial old two-family houses, not infrequently flanked by handsome old elms, and also trim, new, modern cottages. Surrounded by the green of grass and trees, they all sit serenely in their pleasant background, each the dwelling place of free American souls, conscious of their four-square integrity.



TOM HOWE'S GROCERY STORE

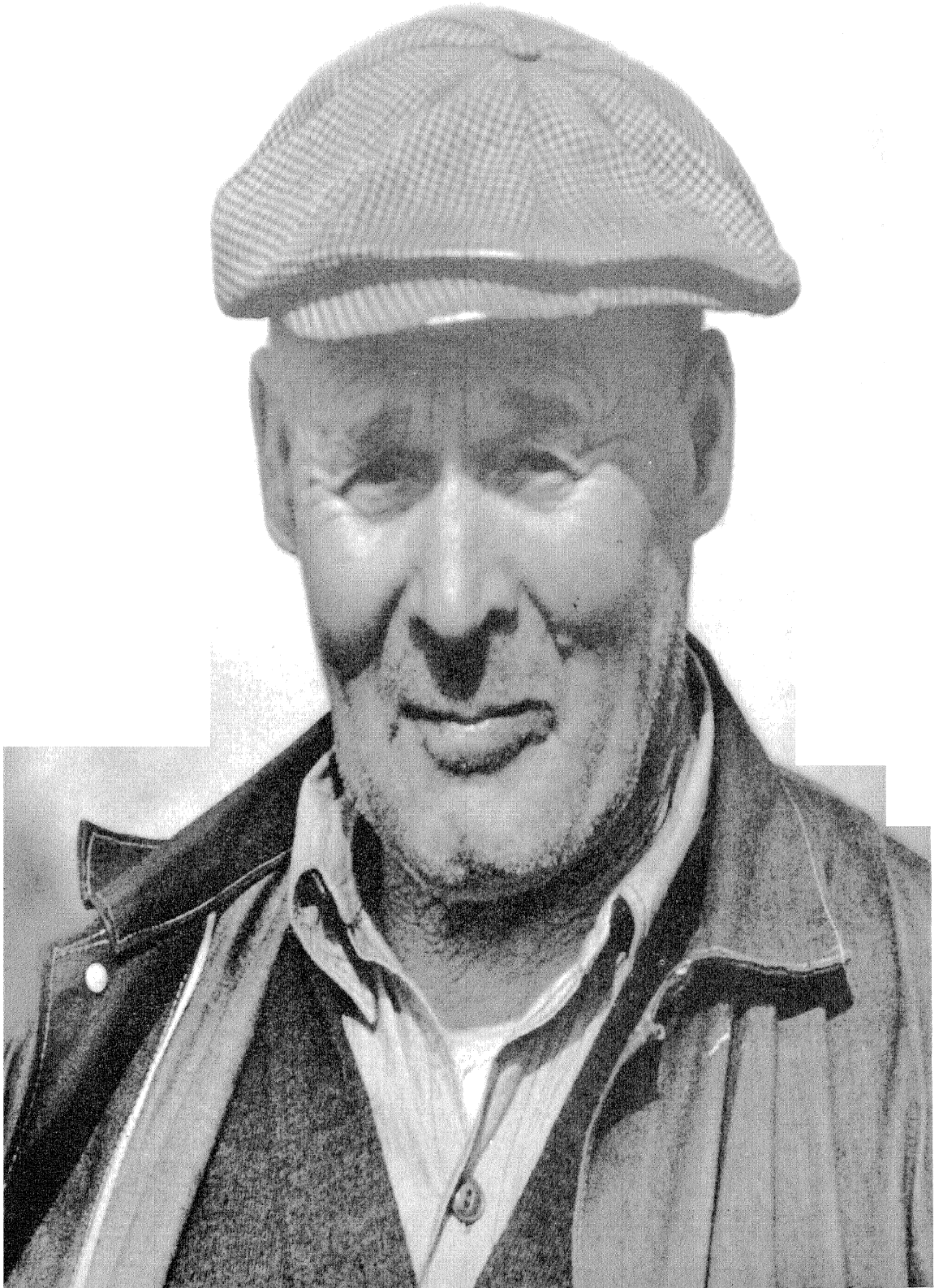
Tom Howe's grocery store is a favorite meeting place, and the proprietor himself is well known in the town. Many Hingham people who remember hard times remember too that Tom was never one to let them down. The grocer in every American community is likely to know more about the family affairs of his customers than any other single person. When he deals sympathetically with their problems he builds up rich returns in loyalty.

The little country store is too fast vanishing from America, for it offers an enrichment to the community that the impersonal branches of huge marketing concerns cannot be expected to give.



NOVA SCOTIAN CARPENTER

George Wilson, carpenter, is an American, born in Nova Scotia. He typifies the ease with which we cross the border line between Canada and the United States. Some of our citizens filter across and become citizens, and some of theirs come to live among us. In New England there are many from French Canada and New Brunswick, as well as a generous sprinkling of Nova Scotians. And able, self-reliant, kindly folk they are. Our spirits are so similar, our tastes and our sense of freedom so closely knit together, that we understand each other well and have kept peace across an unarmed border for well over a hundred years.



THE U. S. MAILS

Someone told me once that perhaps the best example of socialism in our country was the institution known as the United States Mail. Certainly it has a thrilling history and has maintained throughout its existence a high standard of integrity. There is danger in the mails but they are not often used unwisely, and they must not become, as elsewhere under the dictatorial governments, instruments of confusion and deceit.

The man who carries the mail is everybody's friend, whether he brings good news or bad. He nearly always takes an interest in those he visits, and they welcome him because of the tie that he symbolizes with the rest of the world.



ALL ARE MEMBERS ONE OF THE OTHER

The first settlers in New England were Congregationalists, and this church has played an enormously effective part in the history of our nation. For some time, Congregationalism was practically a state religion in New England. As other sections of the country developed, home mission work went along and new Congregational churches were started. Each local Congregational church, according to the principles of the belief, has free control of its own affairs, answerable only to the divinity, and the relations of the various congregations are as fellow-members of the common family of God. Each member has an equal voice in the conduct of the local church, which is free to decide its form of worship and even to make its own declaration of faith. This spirit of tolerance and non-sectarianism has animated several American colleges and universities that were founded by Congregationalists, among them Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, and Oberlin.



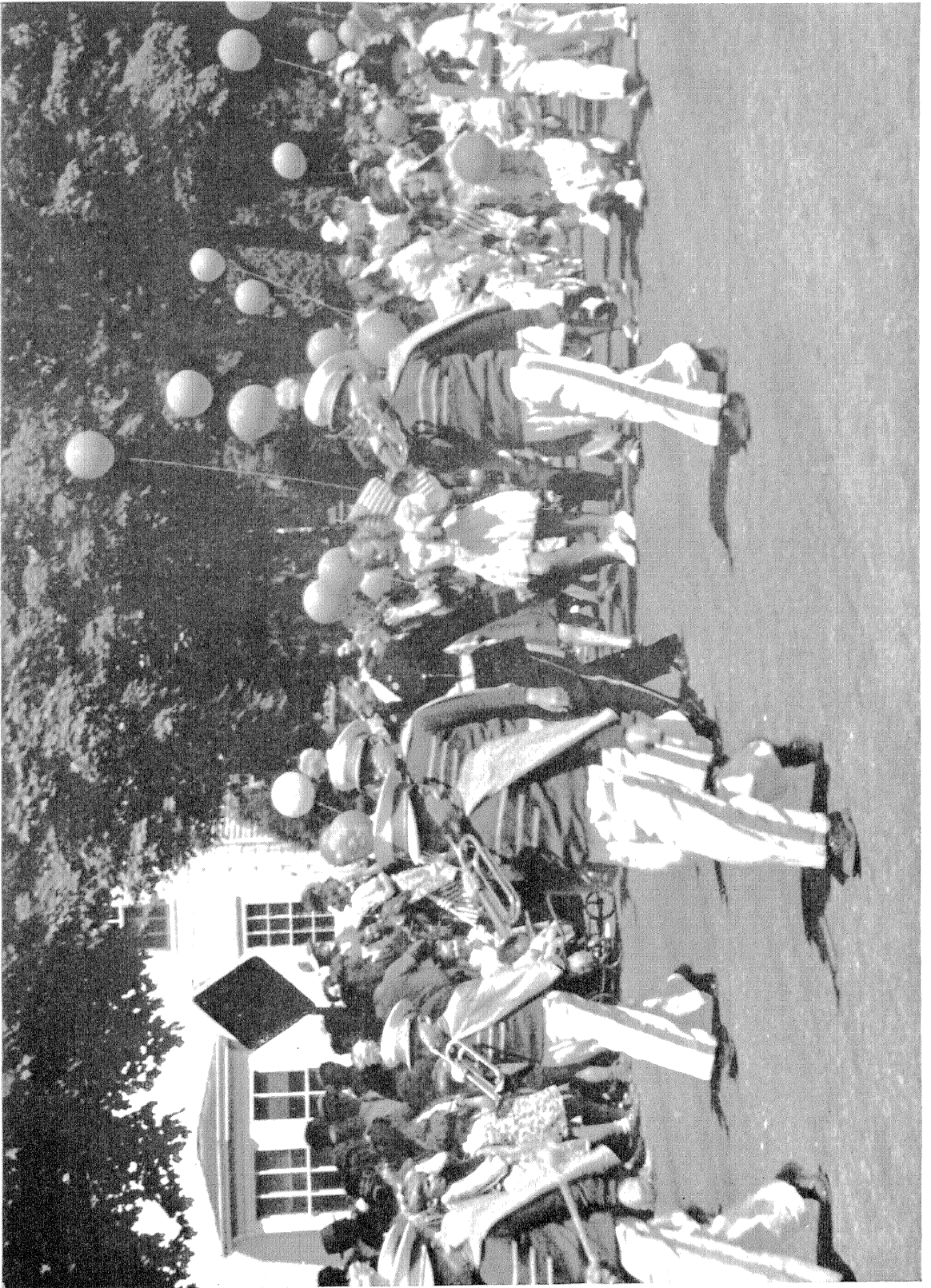
THE PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH FAIRS

In most small towns the church fair is one of the big events of the summer. There is a sale of cakes and rolls and doughnuts and fancy work and aprons; there are games of skill with prizes; and in the evening comes the church supper, with a groaning board of good things to eat prepared by the Ladies' Guild, or whatever its counterpart may be called. An exhausting day for the workers, but great fun for everybody, especially the children. Old friends are seen that no other occasion brings out; there is chatting about neighborhood and town matters; and everyone is warmed by the thought that his dimes and quarters are all going for a good cause.



THE TOWN PARADES ON JULY FOURTH

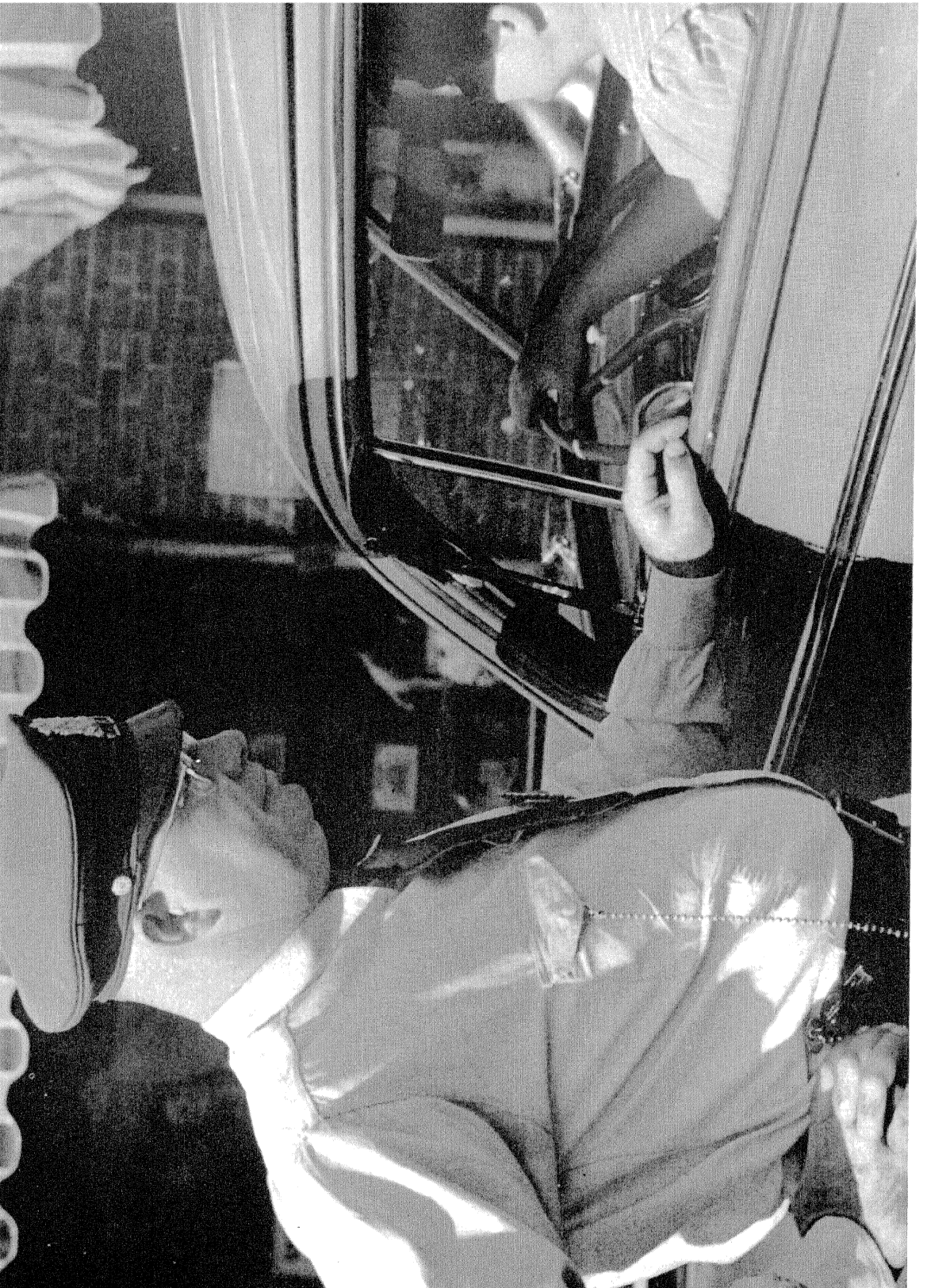
The Fourth of July is the day on which we celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It is a day of solemn meaning; and as he reads through the immortal document every American should let that meaning sink deep into his soul. For the independence we celebrate is an independence we mean to keep.



FOR PROTECTION, NOT ABUSE

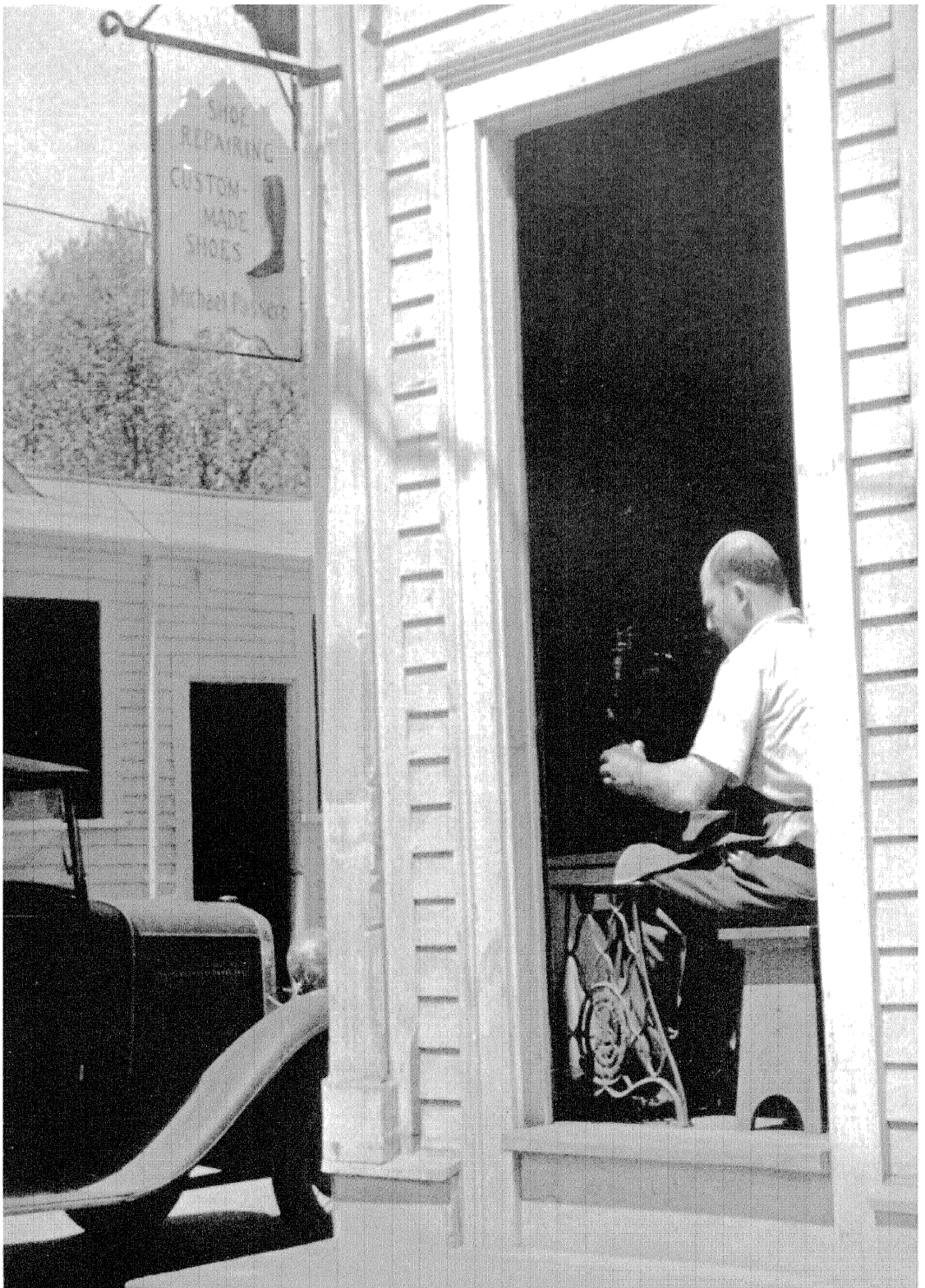
Here in our country the policeman is not someone to be dreaded. To be sure, if you have done something wrong, you may expect harsh treatment; but ordinarily the policeman is looked upon, by young and old, as a source of protection. You will see him shepherding children across the street to school, helping some old lady to step off the curb; giving information to motorists—in fact, he is the citizen's friend.

Contrast this with conditions in countries where the Gestapo is in charge of the police power. Every move and every casual remark are scrutinized and, if the Gestapo so decides, punished. In occupied Paris today—the smiling Paris of yesteryear—there are said to be four kinds of police, in addition to the old *gendarmérie*, each spying on the populace, informing and punishing almost at random, but spying on each other as well.



THE COBBLER

It never occurs to the artisan in America, the "little man" who carries on his trade as his own boss, that in some countries he would be subject to interference, to regulation on every hand, to forced allegiance to a powerful group. He does his job without fear, self-respecting, unhampered, as much his own master as the richest man in town.



ITALIAN-AMERICAN

We are a nation of many nations! Michael Passero uses the care and skill he learned in Italy to ply his trade; but here he is an American, and he appreciates what his new country means to him in freedom and opportunity to live in the American way.

Our countrymen have become a mixture of many bloods. In the cities where there is large representation from many foreign countries, the Italians, the Portuguese, the Germans, the Czechs, the Chinese have a tendency to form groups or "colonies," and their foreign quality is accentuated. In the small town they are assimilated more quickly; they are understood and even liked for their differences; they become a part of town life. Here then is democracy proved.



THE TOWNSPEOPLE GO TO THE BEACHES

All accessible beaches are popular in the summer. These are some of the playgrounds of American people, and they are to be found on all our coasts and even on some of the great inland lakes. Men and women and children go for the day, to lie in the sun, to take dips in the water, to play, protected by the life guards, who keep a careful lookout and whose boats are ready to be launched if necessary. Every town has its place of recreation, and summer activities take many forms, but perhaps none provides more people with complete relaxation for small expense.



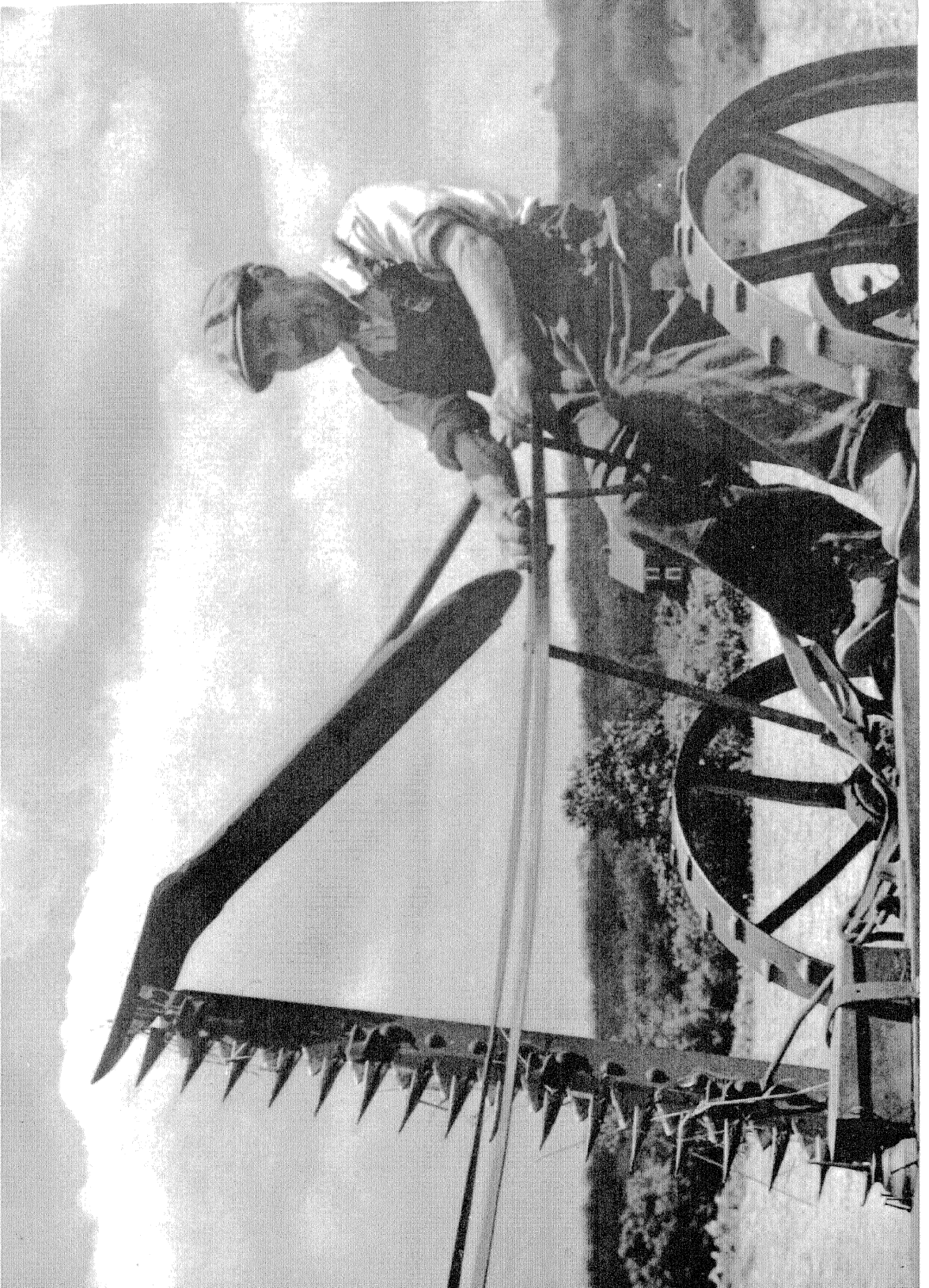
AUTUMN is a connecting season, giving the earth an opportunity to change gradually from the rush and the fulfillment of life to a period of rest and quiet which must come before life begins again in the spring. In October we have the glory of the autumn coloring, but November has its compensations too, for even the somewhat dreary days, when the rains and the wind bring the leaves slowly fluttering down to earth, give us a sense of peace, and we turn back to live within our homes until the first warm sunlight of spring comes again.

HAYING

In the early days of autumn, summer seems to leave us reluctantly. There is often a second cutting of hay to be made, and we seem to be prolonging the haying season into the first brisk days which forecast winter.

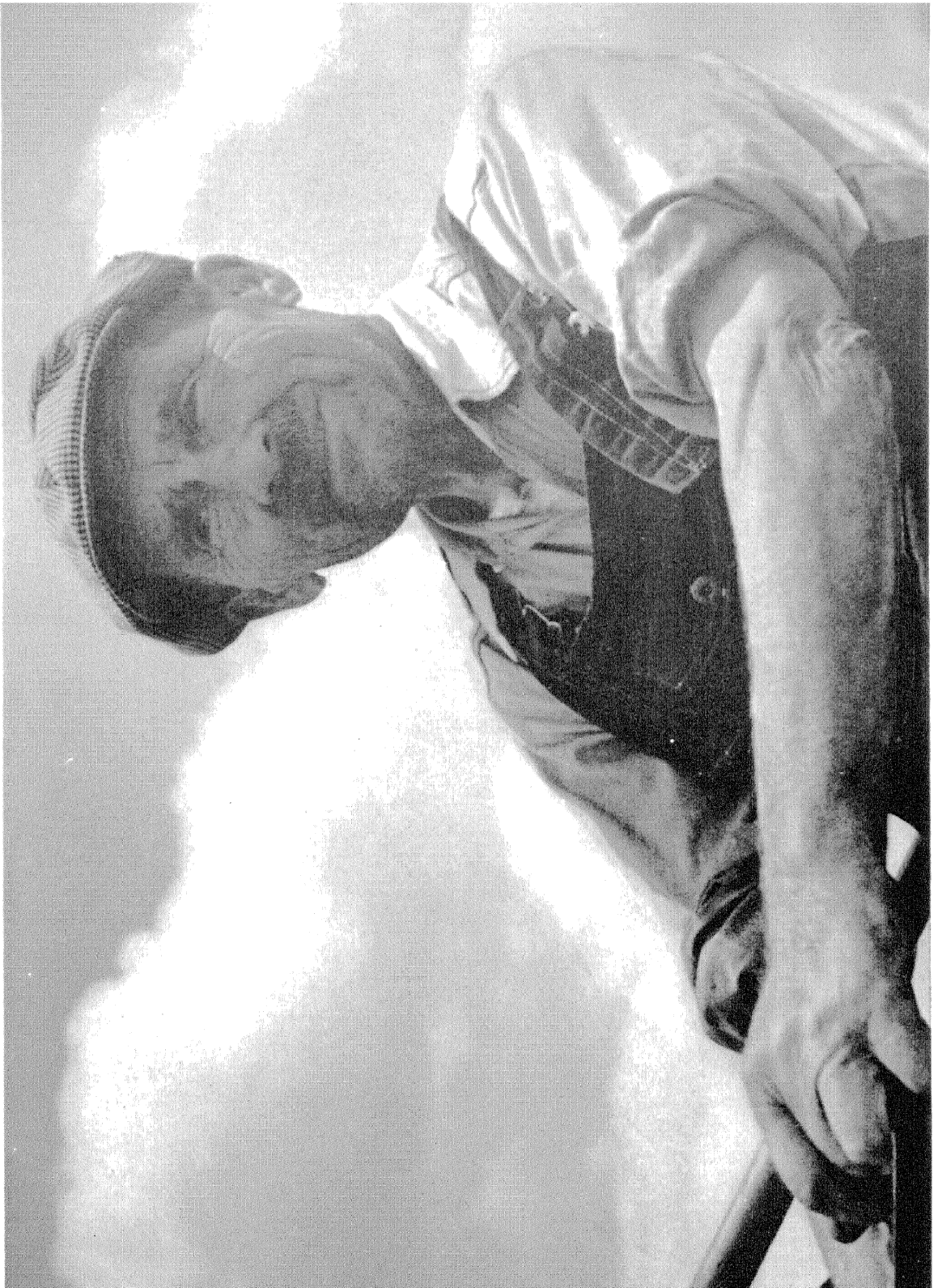
Sometimes a mist floats in on Hingham from the sea, the same "drifting meadow of the air" that Thoreau must have seen, the same "low-anchored cloud" bearing

only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.



LATVIAN-AMERICAN

A native of Latvia, Farmer Schultz is as good a farmer in America as he would have been in the country of his birth. But with what a difference today! He is welcome here, and he is doing an essential work for America, but he must often reflect with sadness on the fate, in these war years, of his homeland.



THE HOMES WE LIVE IN

The shady streets of Hingham are lined by a thousand quiet homes, some of them mansions whose beauty and dignity date from the colonial period, others modern and small and unpretentious. The same contrasts exist in every town in America, but the same love of freedom and liberty dwells in every home.

O kindly house, where time my soul endows
With courage, hope, and patience manifold,
How shall my debt of love to thee be told,
Since first I heard the sweet-voiced robins rouse
The morn among thy ancient apple-boughs?
Here was I nourished on the truths of old,
Here taught against new times to make me bold,
Memory and hope the door-posts, O dear house!

—*George Edward Woodberry*, “The Old House”



THERE IS FREEDOM OF ENTERPRISE

One of the two manufacturing businesses in Hingham is a knitting mill owned and managed by the four Greenfield brothers. Their father, a Ukrainian Jew, started it, established himself here, and became a part of the life of the community. His story is a perfect illustration of the equality of opportunity that exists in America.

Time was when there were several foundries in the town and factories that made boxes and axes and hatchets and nails and ploughs, when boots and shoes and harnesses, when buckets and tubs and bricks and tenpins and croquet sets were all produced in Hingham. Upholstery trimmings too, and umbrellas; and there was even a short-lived but successful experiment that involved the planting of mulberry trees, the importation of silkworms, and the spinning of silk.



THE OPPRESSED FIND REFUGE

The Greenfield brothers have given work in their knitting mill to an Austrian refugee. He has left his home where he could no longer live because of the oppression of the Nazi conqueror, and he now finds refuge in a land where we must preserve freedom and equality for human beings because it is one of the last places on earth to which they can turn. But we too may count ourselves fortunate in securing many of the new citizens who have come to us for sanctuary. Not only have we acquired such useful skilled workers, but the brilliant thinkers and writers and scientists and doctors who have come to our shores are of a potential value beyond assessment.



THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

School children in America learn early the rudiments of democracy. In the school council they are given their first opportunity to practice self-government. They learn to listen to what each one may wish to say, to give weight to it, and to make their final decision on the arguments presented. It is impossible to learn from a book how to be a good citizen of a democracy, but here in practice the youngsters are obtaining experience which will be valuable throughout their lives. The slogan, "Be Helpful," is significant of the spirit with which the children approach their responsibilities; this is hardly the watchword of the Hitler Jugend.



THE SCHOOLS ARE OPEN TO ALL

We hope that the bright and cheerful faces of little Negroes, happy in their schools, may never be clouded by the knowledge that equality is not always as real as it sounds, even in this land of freedom.

Under Hitler the Negro has no rights and is not allowed to hold any position in the community, much less to attend their schools. And we remember with anger the last Olympic Games in Berlin, when Hitler, then the head of a supposedly friendly state, found it impossible to be present when a colored man, one of America's greatest athletes, received his prizes.

In our own land, the Negro has accomplished much and has today an increasing chance to get an education and to broaden his scope in the arts, in the professions, and in industry. But ancient prejudices and oppressions are hard to down, and we can achieve our ideal of equal opportunity only by exercising eternal vigilance.



THE TOWN OFFERS HOMES FOR EVACUEES

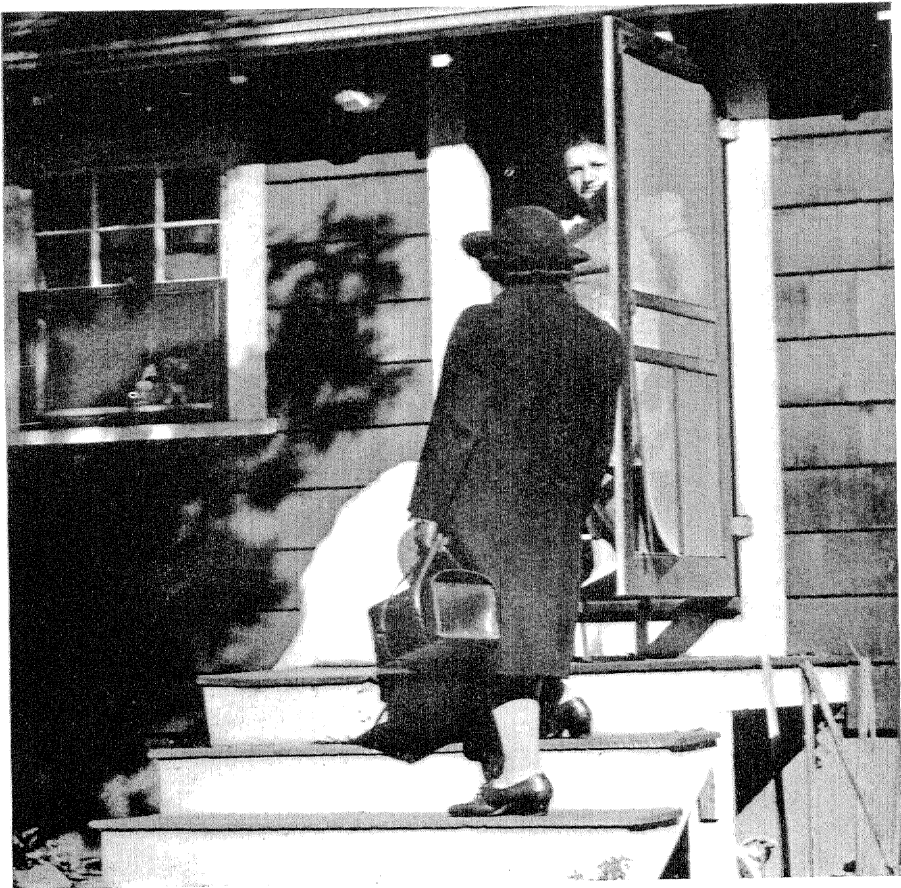
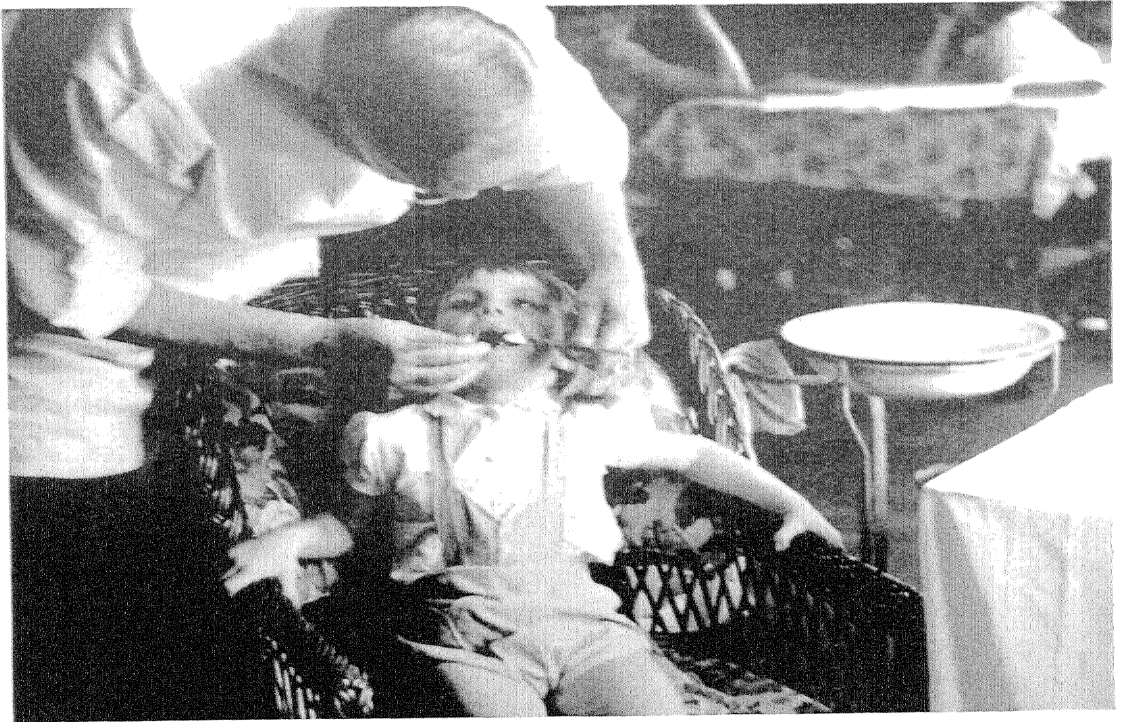
The war has brought us some English children who are being spared the horrors of bombs and who will perhaps return home with a better understanding of America and its people. They will establish a firmer foundation for friendship in the future between the English-speaking cousins and ourselves, for only when all countries understand each other can real peace among the nations be attained.

One of our national blind spots is the English game of cricket, and the English have just as little enthusiasm for our game of baseball. The young English visitors may be able to break down even this wall. They will at least make an earnest effort to learn the game, for the boy who didn't would have a lonely time here. Games everywhere are an important training, for health and for sportsmanship. As "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," according to the Duke of Wellington, so may the battle for the future peace of the world be won on the vacant lots of America.



THE HEALTH OF THE TOWN IS PROTECTED

There is a keen sense of responsibility growing in this country, in almost every community, for the health of the community as a whole. We have an increasing number of public health nurses, both in rural areas and in the cities. Clinics are being established, and not only are children examined, but the communities are recognizing that they must go further and see to it that defects discovered through examination are really corrected. Now we have traveling dental clinics in many rural areas, and in the cities medical units and dental clinics are used side by side.



THERE IS FREEDOM OF RELIGION

In 1941 Frau Elisabeth Meyer came to this country from Germany, and her report of her impressions can teach us much of which we should be reminded. In a New England town she attended mass at the little Catholic church and prayed that her countrymen might be saved from their present horror.

"I saw the Catholic children in this little town, attending mass and prepared for the Sunday school of the free choosing of their parents. And as I left the church I saw other children, those of the Protestant faith, on the way to their own church and Sunday school, free under the Constitution and by tradition of their country to worship God in their own way.

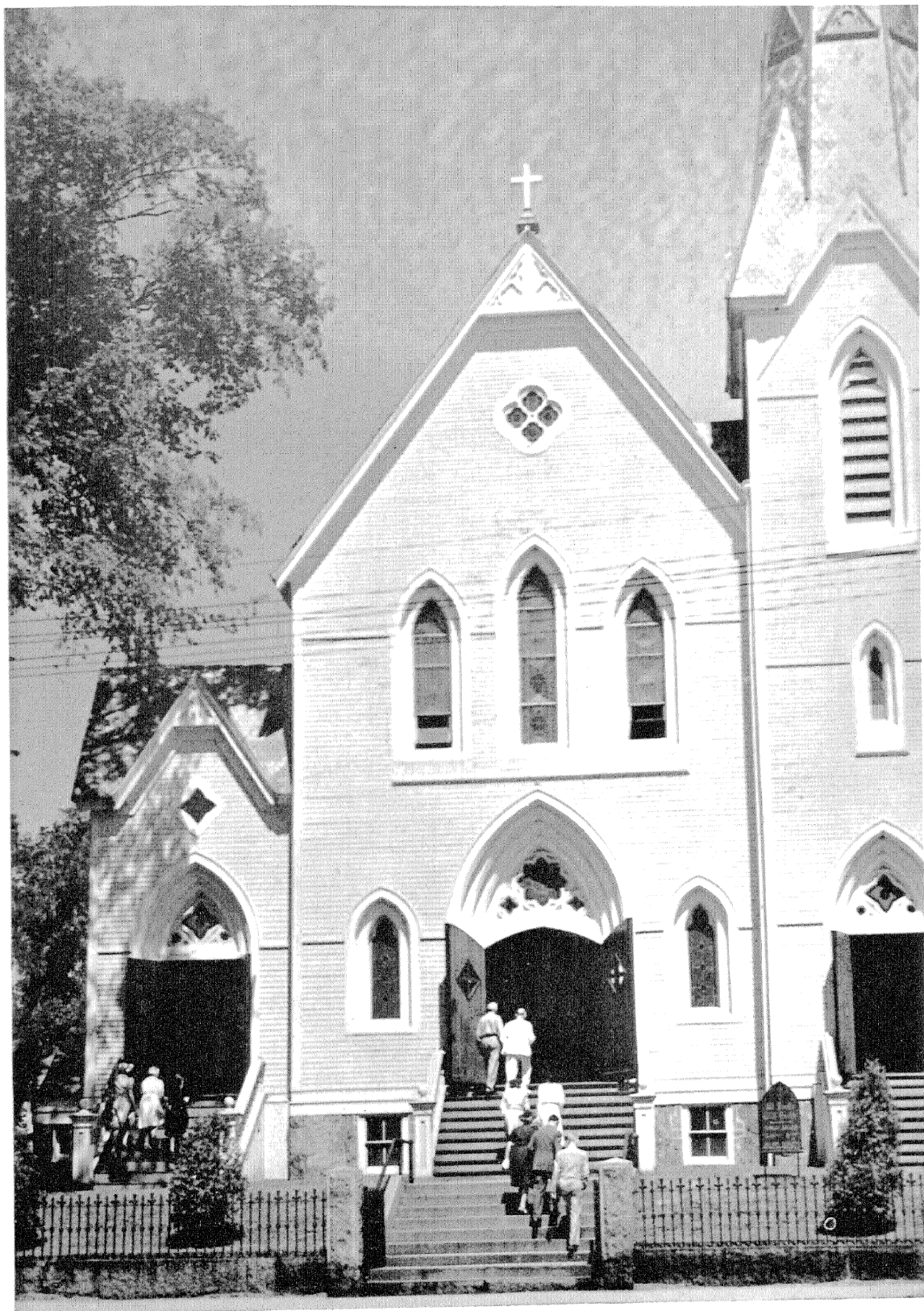
"Returning to the home of my hosts, I heard a radio program which could only be heard in America, out of all the countries of this tormented world. I heard a Catholic priest, a Protestant minister, and a Jewish rabbi in a joint plea for tolerance of all faiths. . . .

"The thought came to me: In Germany, Pastor Niemöller, the Protestant, is a prisoner under torture because he preached that Hitler, who easily can crush and destroy the bodies of men and women, cannot destroy their souls. . . .

"I thought: There is Cardinal Faulhaber, the venerable Archbishop of Munich who . . . is in prison now because he prayed publicly for the Jews of Germany.

"I remembered a Jewish rabbi, who had hidden and cared for, in his own home, . . . an Aryan Catholic mother and her baby, the mother under charge of high treason to the Third Reich. The rabbi was eventually executed. The mother is still in prison. The child is a ward of the state; a future soldier for Hitler."

—From the *Boston Evening American*



FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY

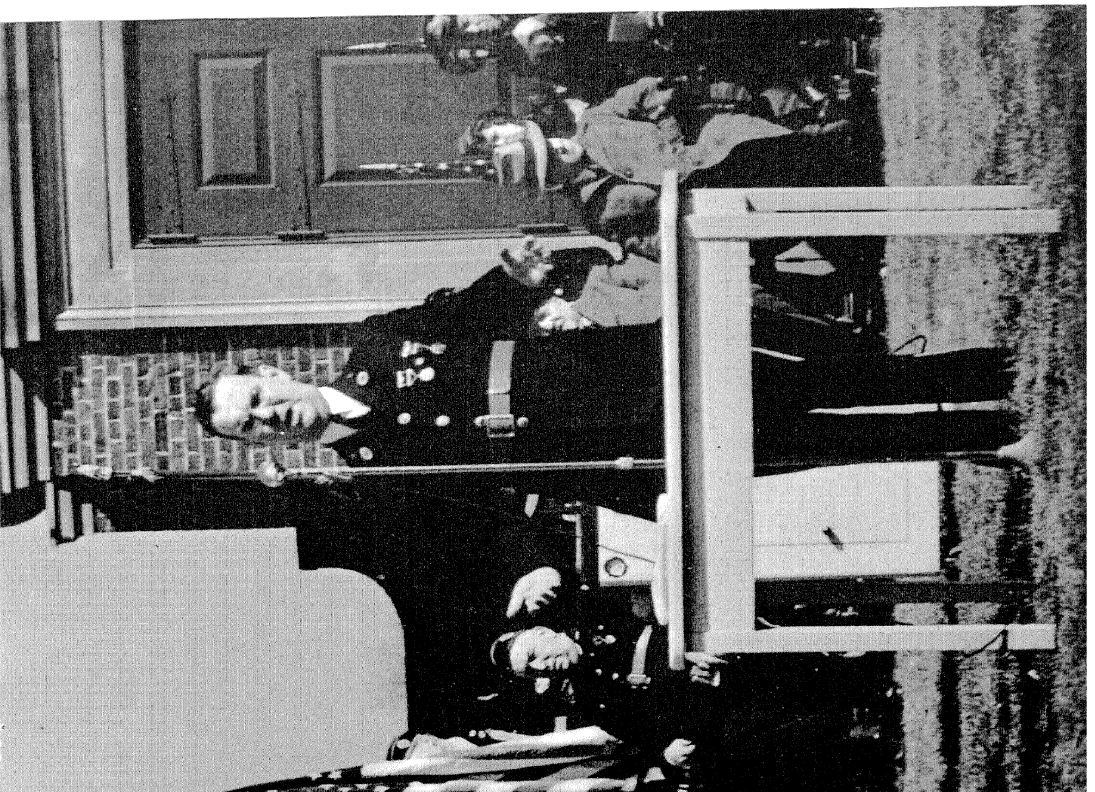
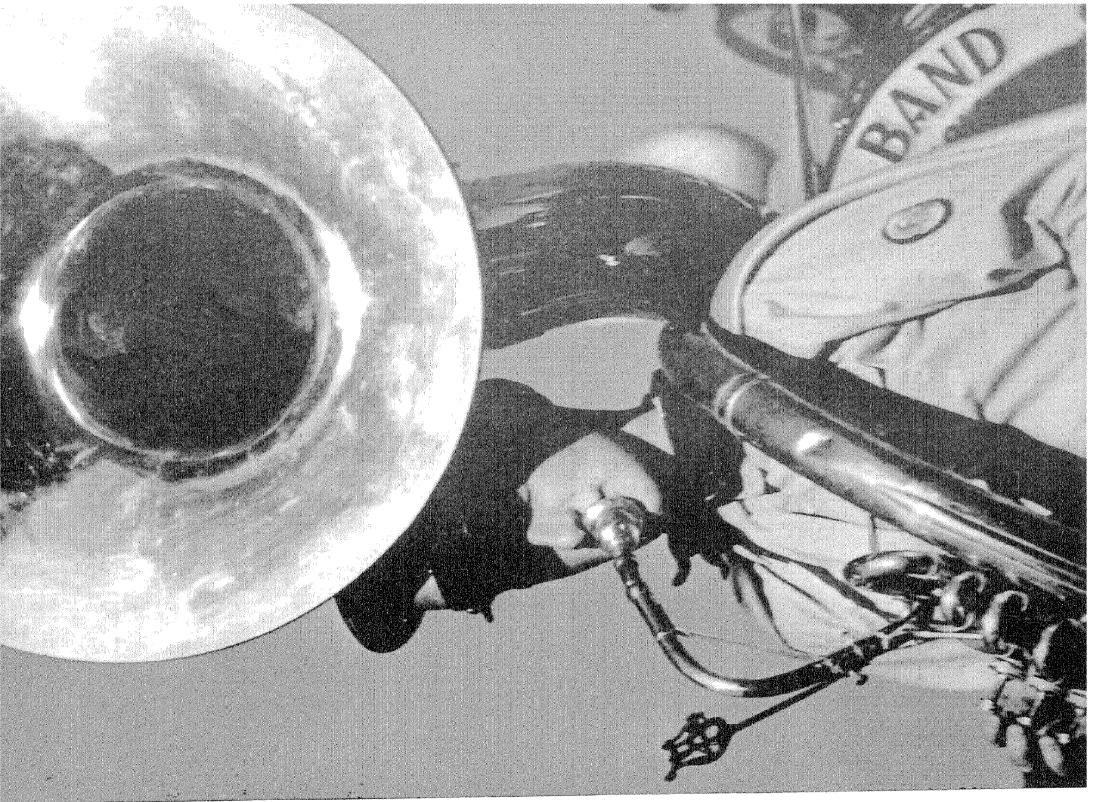
In every community, provision is made for fighting fires, and the citizens are thereby protected against loss of life and property. Often in small towns the fire department consists chiefly or wholly of volunteers, and in any case the outbreak of fire is the signal for a thousand acts of vigilant kindness. The firemen usually form some sort of organization, for instruction in their duties and for good fellowship, thus promoting morale and team work essential in time of crisis. Firemen's parades and carnivals testify to this club spirit, and it is a fine thing to note their pride and the care and intelligence that are expended on the town's fire fighting equipment.



THE PEOPLE PAY TRIBUTE

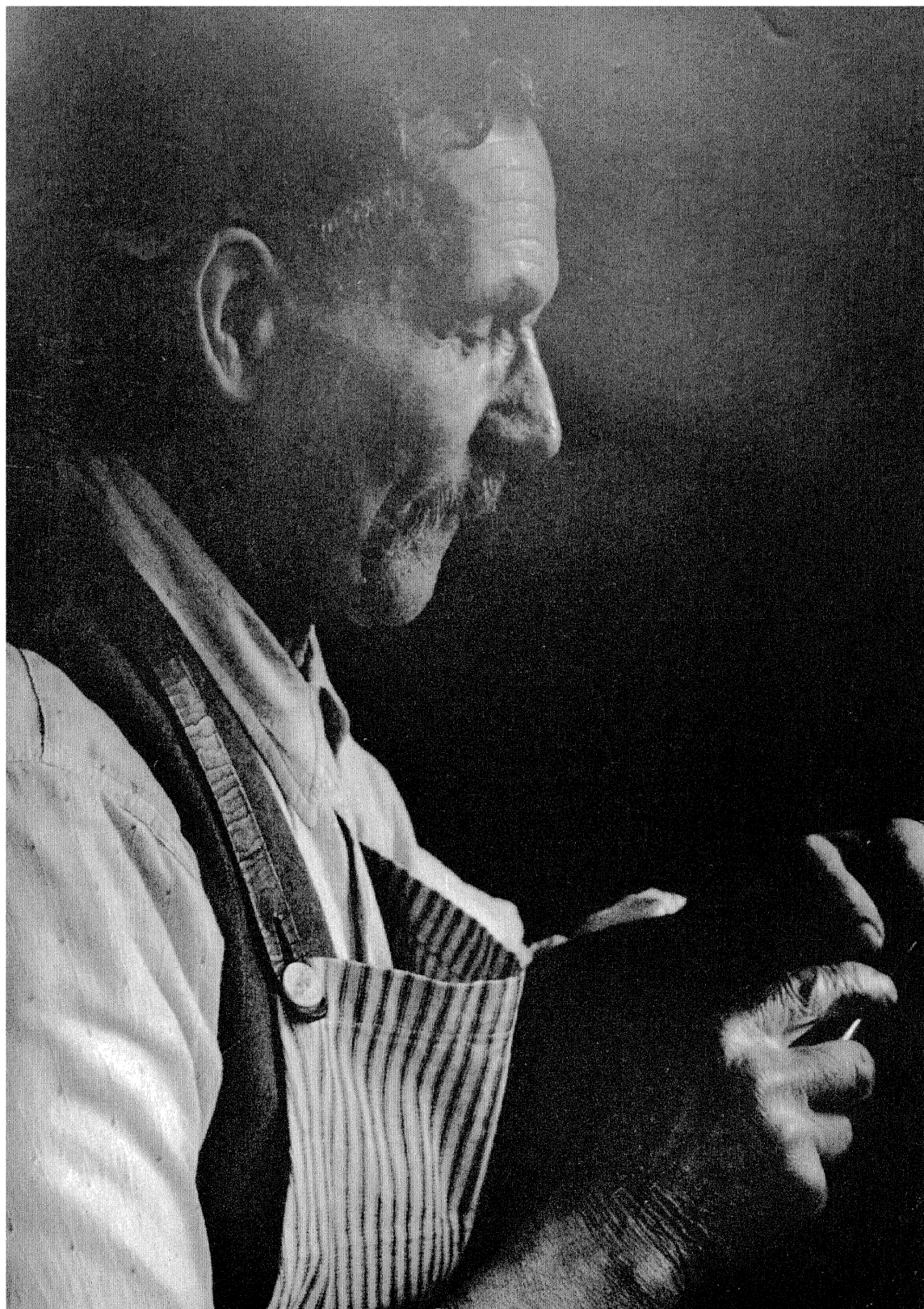
On Armistice Day, with neighboring towns, the members of the American Legion conduct commemorative services, in which they tell the people of the communities how men fought in the past to preserve freedom and why they must continue to fight for that ideal even though they long for peace. That it is necessary to wage wars for the preservation of our liberties, that we must sacrifice the lives of our sons and brothers, husbands and lovers—these are bitter truths that are hard to credit. But we cannot stagnate, we cannot hide our heads nor turn our eyes from our obligations; democracy is not a static thing, but must ever progress; what is worth living for is worth fighting for, even unto death.

Sons of the Legionnaires play in the band on Armistice Day, and by so doing they learn their own responsibilities, that, whatever the call of citizenship may be in a free country, the individual must heed and accept the obligation that is his in every generation.



GERMAN-AMERICAN

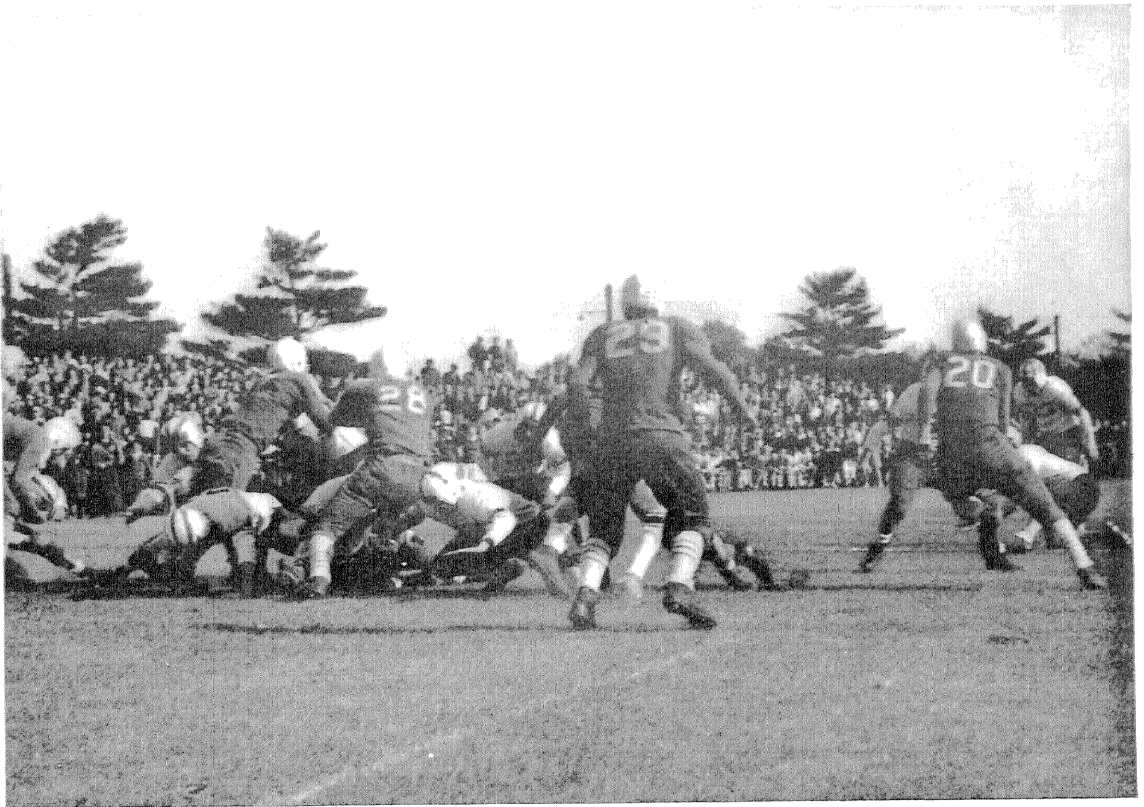
Adolph Sammoet, harness maker of Hingham, plies the trade he was taught in his native Germany with care and precision. Many years he has lived in the United States, and they have been good years that have made him into a loyal American citizen. He can live on here without fear, though he may grieve for the second war which has now come between the country of his origin and the country of his choice.



ALL NATIONALITIES PLAY TOGETHER

Dolan and Spaulding, MacCaffray and Cocci-miglio, Vafides and Cohen, Antoine and Bjorklund—all play on the same football team, all on one side, playing together, not fighting one another. On Hingham's high school squad are eleven of Irish ancestry, six of English, five of Scottish, three Italian, two Greek, two Jewish, one Portuguese, and one Swedish. The world could learn from Hingham's football team; in their team play, in working together for a common end, they have each for the other a mutual respect.

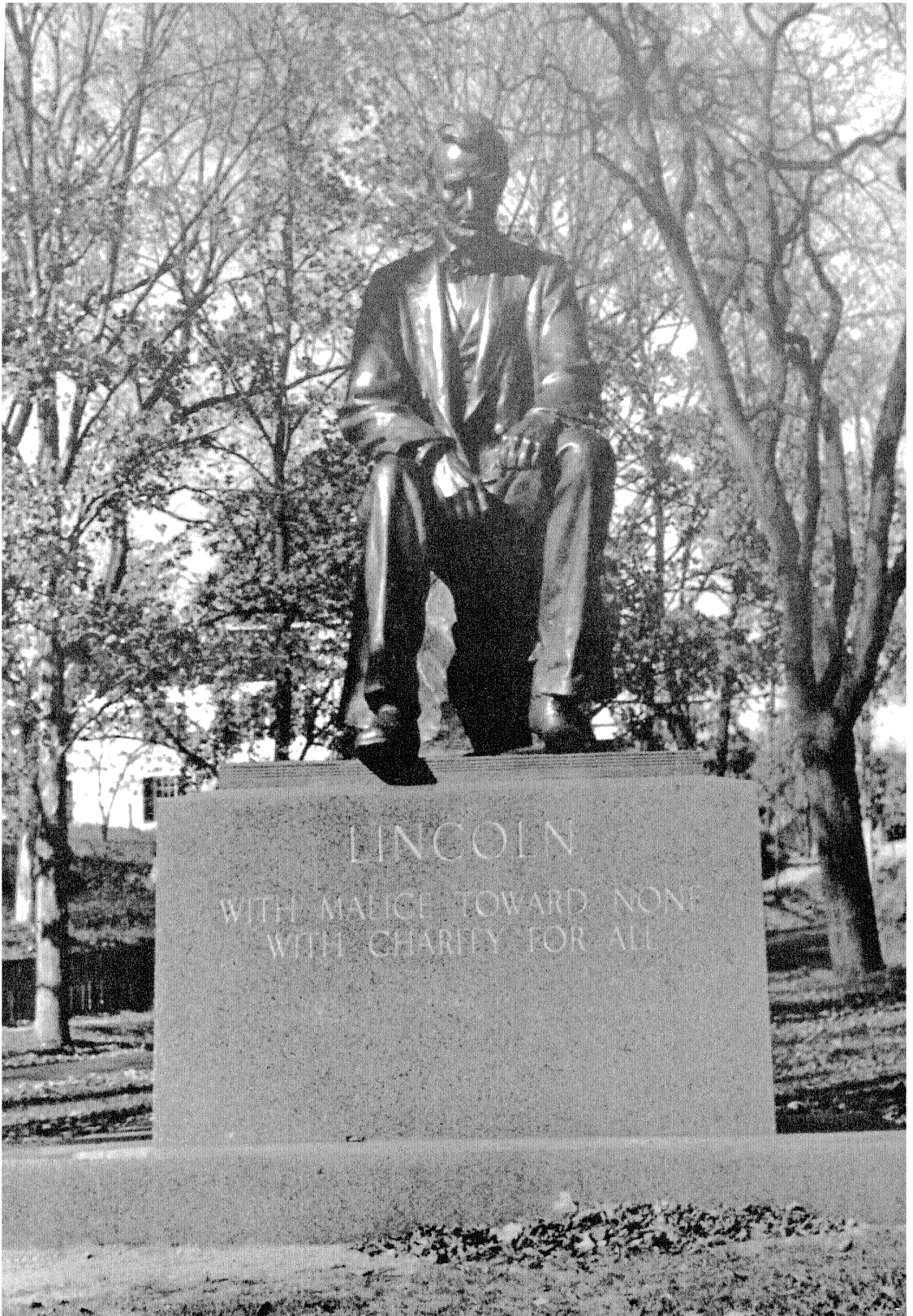
In the loyal crowds of high school students at the football game there is no regimentation of youth but no lack of unity. The same mixture of peoples is in the crowds that watch as on the team itself. Our differences make for strength so long as they lose themselves in unity of feeling.



THERE IS FAITH IN HIS WORDS

In Hingham's square stands a statue of Lincoln. More than any other leader he epitomizes the ideal of democracy, and his words, spoken with such simple sincerity, move us Americans as do no other words, for we share a common faith in their integrity and their promise.

With malice toward none; with charity for all;
with firmness in the right, as God gives us to
see the right, let us strive on to finish the work
we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds,
to care for him who shall have borne the battle,
and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all
which may achieve and cherish a just and last-
ing peace among ourselves, and with all na-
tions.



W^{AR} came to the United States on December 7, 1941. Immediately the challenge to our way of life, the threat to our very existence, awakened even those of us who were sure that this was "not America's war." Hitler was sure that democracy was decadent, that his new order would prevail over all the world. We are meeting the challenge.

THE PRESS KEEPS THE PEOPLE INFORMED

Every American newspaper on December 8th proclaimed the fact that we were at war. The press in the United States is an independent press, free to say what the editors think without any direction or interference from the government. The restrictions are few, and therefore the people of the nation know that the news they read, though it may be colored with the feelings of the editor or the writer, is never deliberately distorted to meet the ends of the government in power.

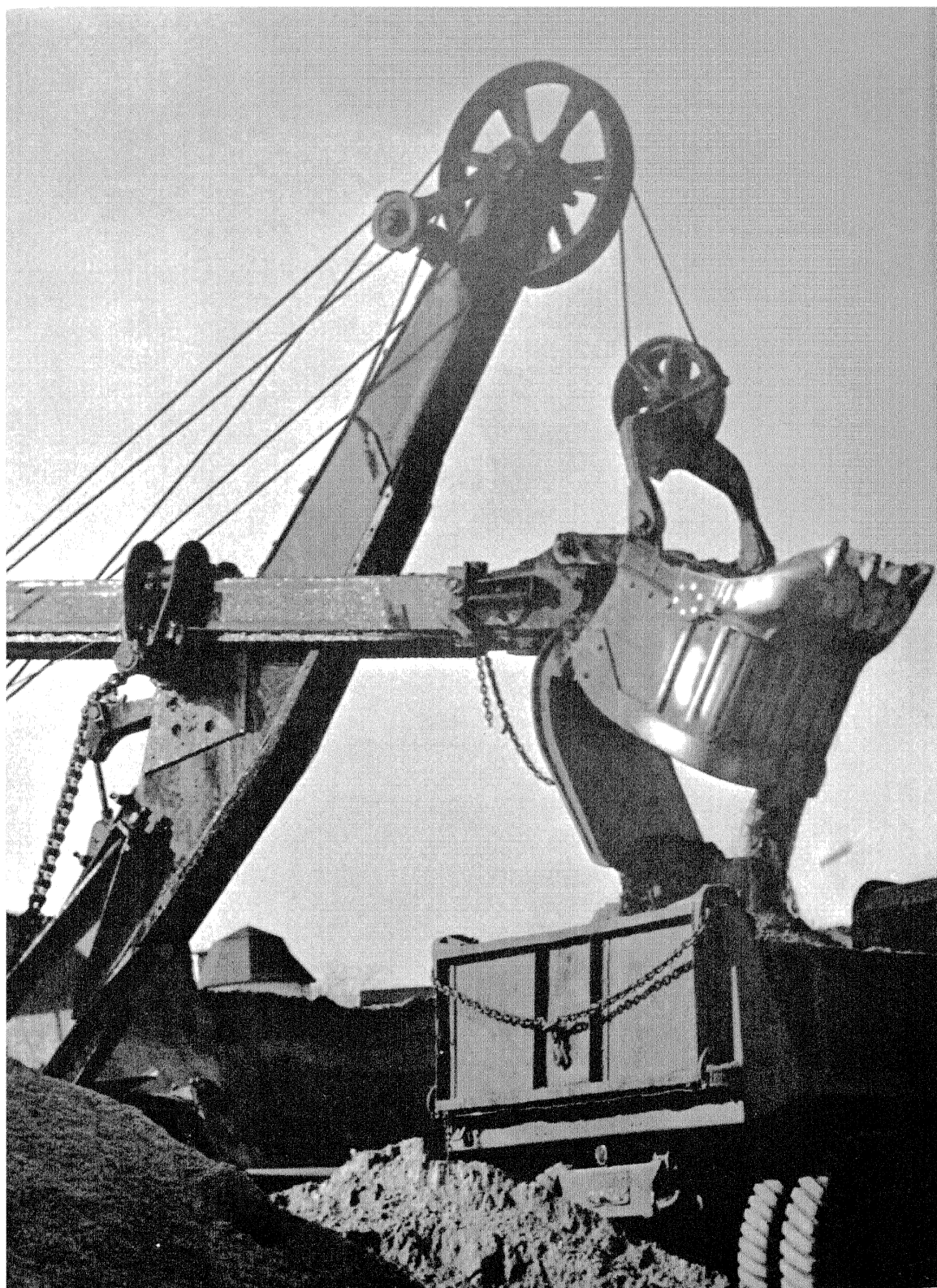
Newspapers keep their towns informed, not only about the war news but about the happenings in the nation and in their city and about the doings of their neighbors.



WE BUILD FOR DEFENSE

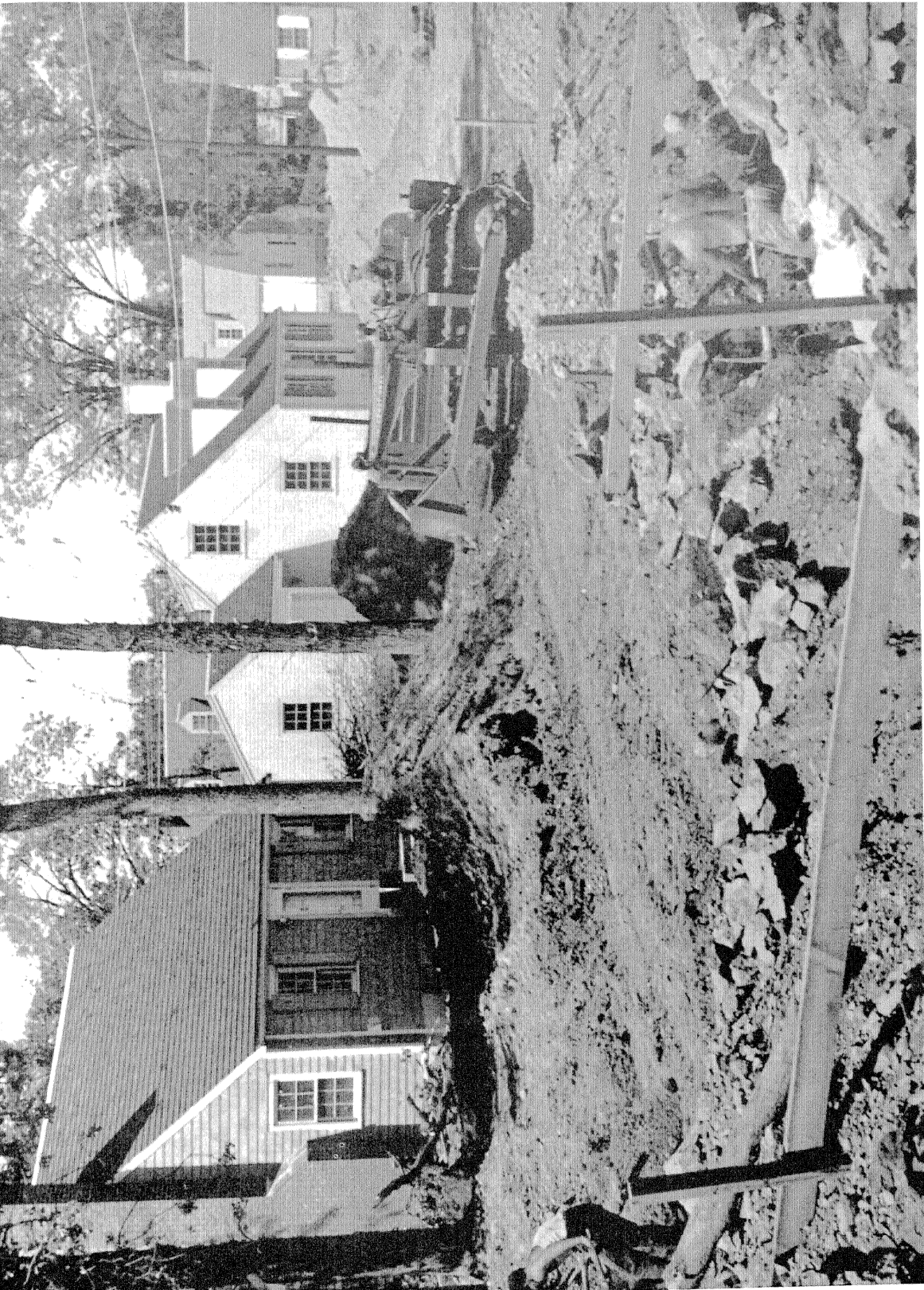
Today as never before we are experiencing what it means for a nation to gird itself to make the utmost effort for production purposes. In every part of the country, machinery is being geared to the best use possible, and human beings are operating these machines continuously, day in and day out, to achieve the desired results.

Some industries have been entirely converted to war work; other factories have altered entirely their machinery and their output; all have stepped up their production to an unimagined capacity. Ground is being broken for new production needs; the country is in a fever of activity and daily achieving miracles. When America is aroused, it does amazing things.



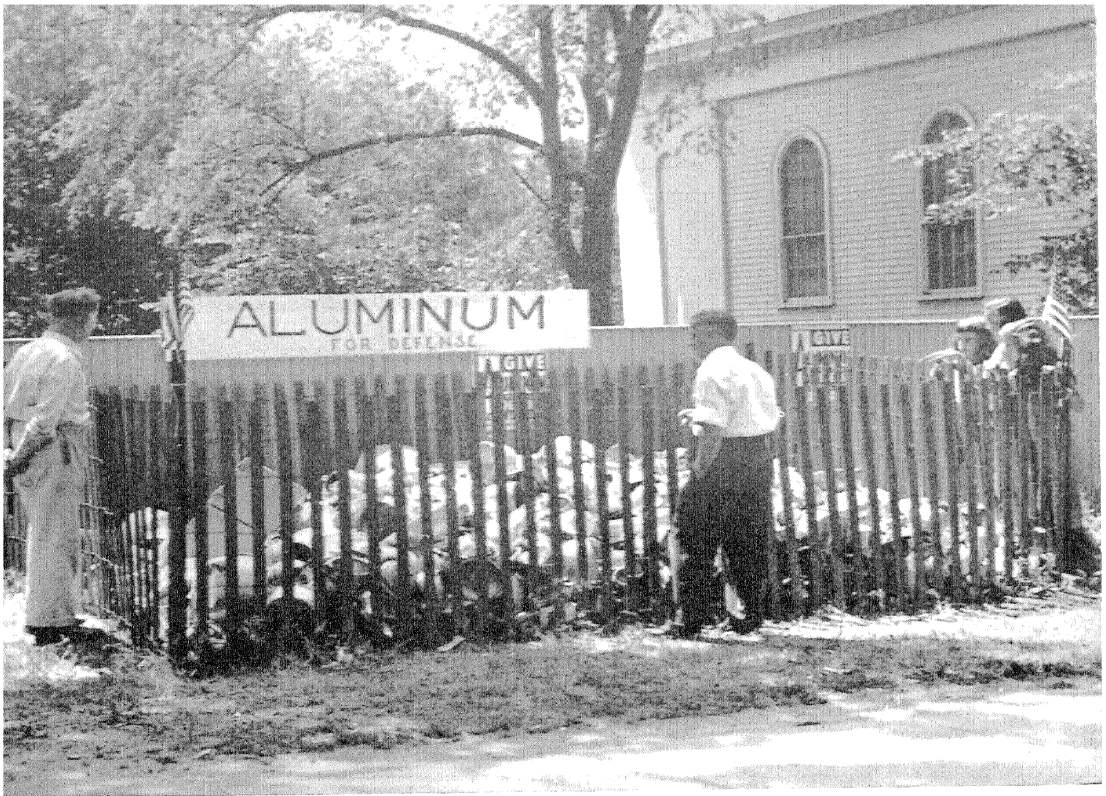
THE RUSH FOR NEW HOUSES

In defense areas, where industry's needs for skilled labor are mounting steadily, there is consequently a rush for housing facilities, and Hingham, like other communities similarly situated, is struggling to meet the demand. Great numbers of families are having to be moved about the country; mushroom towns have come into being; inadequate quarters near the big industrial plants are being snatched up. The confusion and the dislocations are necessary corollaries of so hasty an expansion, but they are temporary, and any sacrifice is worth making for the ultimate end in view—the saving of America and our way of life for ourselves, our families, and the generations to follow after us.



THE WOMEN COME FORWARD

At all times the place of women in the community is recognized as vitally important, but in an emergency women find within themselves the strength to do gargantuan tasks. Their response to the need for aluminum, for scrap iron and rubber, for paper, and for tin has been wholehearted; they have busily joined first aid courses to be prepared for any disasters that may befall; they have campaigned for the U.S.O., for the Red Cross, and for the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps. They have cooperated in the rationing plans with almost fanatical loyalty; they are trying to find ways of saving rubber through neighborly action. In the Red Cross activities they work long hours to produce needed articles, bandages, sweaters, and the like; no expenditure of time or energy is too great if it assists the war effort. In Hingham, as elsewhere, they are rising to the situation, alive to the necessity of preserving the nation and doing at home these essential tasks that sustain our boys who are doing the fighting. So it was with the women whose Minute Men were fighting at Lexington; thus did they carry on at home while their men wintered at Valley Forge.



PLANE SPOTTER

Ever watchful for those who would destroy democracy, American soldiers, white and colored, are on the alert. And at short distances along our shores, for many miles inland, observation posts have been erected where, twenty-four hours a day, seven days every week, civilian air watchers stand watch for hours at a time, sweeping the horizon to be sure that no plane may approach without being reported. It is hoped in this way to prevent any surprise attack and to safeguard the people of our nation.

This volunteer activity, enlisting thousands of civilians, sprung up almost over night, in some cases requiring, for efficient performance, nearly half the adult population of a community. They came forward cheerfully, doing the job in winter cold and March gales and summer thunderstorms and doing it well, thus freeing for war purposes great numbers of planes and pilots who, but for this service, would have to patrol these great areas. Our pictured sentry knows that he is not the only one watching the skies.



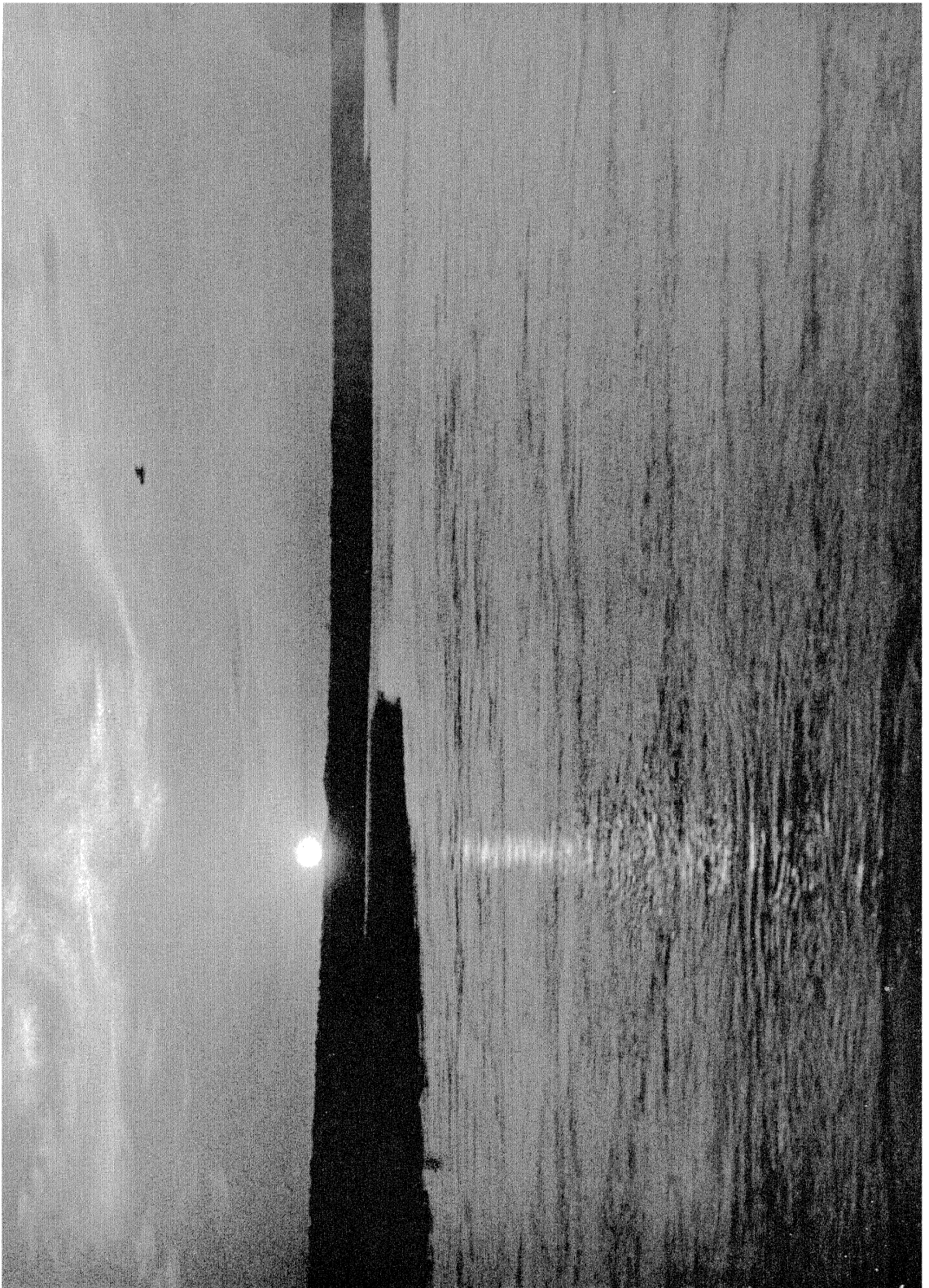
“WESTWARD, LOOK, THE LAND IS BRIGHT!”

In the old town of Hingham we have found a picture in miniature of the whole nation, where Dutch, French, Czech, German, Italian, Irish, Jew, Negro, all live together as they do over the vast expanse of the United States.

The men of Hingham build houses, they provide each other with services, they farm, they go to jobs in the city, they work in the government ordnance depot and in the factories. They live peacefully together, and you find here perhaps the most valuable lesson in this polyglot country of ours, namely, that it is the character of the individual which brings him to the fore and makes him stand out as a citizen. The wise old Jew, with imagination and sensitive response to civic needs, will be listened to as eagerly as the Anglo-Saxon or the man of Irish blood, who is perhaps a better politician but lacks some of the Jewish vision.

Hingham, with its individual small houses, its tree-shaded streets, its few rich people, is typical of American towns from east to west, from north to south. Most of us are not very rich nor very poor. We earn our living, we indulge our hobbies when we can. We like the same outdoor and indoor recreations, though these may vary with climate and locality. On the whole, we are a courageous, hard-hitting people of stamina. We love our children and want them to have something better than we had ourselves, but we have no desire to see those we love weakened by idleness. We glorify work. It is the man who works hard and is recognized as a good citizen who receives the honors in a community.

We are, I think, a nation of people who aspire increasingly to something better. In spite of our prejudices, in spite of our meannesses, in spite of our shortcomings, the significant American quality lies, I believe, in our persistent aspirations.



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